

THE



WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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"THE SOLDIER'S FIRST DUTY."

(See article on page 4)

THE Territorial Secretary My Journal.

TOURING

IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Marvelous Times—Fifty Souls Seeking God at the Mercy Seat—The List-Colonel a Composer as Well as a Singer—Glorious Wind-up at St. John's.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Fraserston.

I met Lieut.-Colonel Margate at Frederston, and Mr. McLean, and arranged a reception meeting at which the Provincial Officer read an address. The Colonel sang a solo of his own composition, entitled, "The Fountain," after which he threw his whole soul into the meeting, which resulted in seven souls to the Mercy Seat, seeking the blessing of God's beautiful full salvation.

Wednesday night we had a rattling meeting. The subject of the meeting was "Excuses," and the Colonel pitched in right and left. This meeting closed with two seeking God for pardon of their sins.

We were pleased to note the barracks has been beautifully painted inside, which reflects great credit upon the officers and soldiers. God bless Frederston.

St. John I.

We had a good open-air meeting at the head of King St., and a beautiful crowd inside; the meeting was noted for its freedom. The soldiers and congregation gave the Colonel a tremendous ovation, and the P. O. read an address of welcome. The Colonel sang one of his favorite songs, "I cannot leave the dear old flag." A well-fought prayer meeting brought four souls to Jesus' feet.

Carleton.

A nice congregation gathered at Carleton on the following evening. Staff-Captain Taylor was inducted at the outset as the new Chancellor, after which the Colonel received a hearty welcome. We had a magnificent wind-up, with six souls at the Mercy Seat. God again showed his manifested His power. We failed until almost the last moment, and had to run to catch the ferry boat to bring us back to the city. Carleton, which has been hard and barren for some time in the soul-saving line, is having a move. Quite a number of souls have been saved recently.

St. John II.

Here we spent Saturday night. It was a very bad, wet night; nevertheless we had a swinging march. Uncle Ben, one of our old soldiers, was in evidence, and quite a few people gathered together in the barracks, the majority of the audience being buck-siders. Here, again, the Lieutenant-Colonel sang, "I cannot leave the dear old flag," which was very applicable. God again came to our help, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls come to Jesus.

St. John III.

At No. III. we had a wonderful Sunday. The elements were against us—a down-pour of rain took place all day—yet we had magnificent crowds, the hall was packed at night, and many people standing. It was a day of rich blessing, one of the old-fashioned pentecostal times in fact. It was the anniversary of Pentecost, and God, the Holy Ghost, came and visited us. We scored 25 souls for cleansing and pardon. It was nearly midnight when we landed back at Provincial Headquarters. The wind-up meeting of the Colonel's in the city took place at

St. John I.

All the corps united. It was a glorious time. In the open air a crowd gathered round as we sang on our knees, "Oh, why wilt thou die, sinner, why?" The hall was nearly filled. The Colonel labored hard, God blessed him, and four sought the salvation of their souls for the week.

The Lieutenant-Colonel has now left for Newfound-land, while his humble servant is toiling on at Provincial Headquarters.

I start off by confessing that my journal has been sadly neglected, and consequently can only consist of a few rough jottings of what has happened since I wrote last. I have, it is true, some good excuses, but they will be of little interest to my readers. What they naturally want is an interesting record, and not a few trifles of the idleness, the hot weather, the rolling of the steamer, the rush of the campaign, and a relapse of the Adelaide trouble, have hindered me discharging what is really the agreeable task of communicating with my dear comrades up and down the world, in this simple fashion.

—X—

Monday, April 3rd.

We left New Zealand for the Australian continent, which is some 1,200 miles away, in the S. W. Westralia, an excellent steamer, with a crowd of passengers, amongst whom was Lady Raufurly, the wife of Hon. E. E. Raufurly, the Governor of New Zealand, together with a most gallant Captain, full of sympathy for our welfare, who hails from the town of Derby, in the Old Country, and who, like the commandant of our last vessel, is an out-and-out austriker, never having tasted an intoxican in his life.

—X—

Friday, 7th.

It has been a tedious and trying four day's passage to me, although Father Neptune has blessed himself very creditably, and everything possible has been done by my comrades to promote my comfort. I have been very poorly, a depressed soul, lying up, sleeping on my night and day, hindering sleep and making work all but impossible.

At five p.m. the New South Wales coast, whither we are bound, came in sight, and with much satisfaction we steamed through the Heads into the beautiful harbor of Sydney, where, directly afterwards the government steam yacht, kindly lent for the occasion, took us off to Manly, and about 6 o'clock we reached the Home of Rest, which was exactly the place I needed.

—X—

BEAUTIFUL MANLY.

Saturday, 8th.

Manly, my readers must know, is a small town, but a growing pleasure resort, situated in a lovely corner of the bay, some twelve miles distant from the rich and thriving city of Sydney. About three miles from this townships we have an estate, which, for beauty of situation, and wealth of promise in usefulness, it is difficult to imagine, and still more difficult to surpass in all our remarkable Social operations in any part of the world. It has been described in the "War Cry" before. It consists of 1,200 acres, flanked by beautifully-wooded hills, running along the coast of the open sea for three or four miles. Amongst the land in the foreground are a number of swamps, which, when well cleared, will grow almost anything that can be desired, suitable to the climate. There is a large lake, called a lagoon, because, with the exception of fresh water, it has a connection with the Tidyees, a series of water abounds in fish, and is the home of the black swan, besides other native birds.

By the report of the experts, there is on the estate a mountain of rich iron ore, and an inexhaustable deposit of the best clay for terra cotta, tiles, bricks, and suitable purposes in the colony. The latter properties may not be of much immediate service, but in our mechanization world, there is no reason as to what can be done with the land when got into workable condition. Of that there is unanswerable evidence before my eyes in the splendid crops that were growing on the soil that had already been got under cultivation.

The whole estate was given to the Army some years ago, on our payment of an annuity, by an aged sailor who had the desire that her property should be turned to good account, after her death, and who thought that the Army

was the most likely agency for carrying out her wishes. Commissioner Coombs at once commenced operations, built the house in which I spent the quiet night, while the Commandant has, with energy and ability, pushed forward the improvement and extensions that I inspected. The result is that the house is now fit for my last visit, which is truly remarkable. I should say that at present the place is utilized for furnishing employment for the out-of-work men of our Sydney Shelter.

AT SYDNEY.

At 5 p.m. we left for Sydney. A reception and march followed.

At 7:45 "soldiers' meeting" in the Centenary Hall. There must have been 1,800 or 2,000 present, and a more enthusiastic, prouling body of soldiers it has seldom been my delight to address. Still, physically and mentally, and in every way, I was under the mark.

—X—

Sunday, 9th.

I was on the platform of the Town Hall by 11 o'clock, and the magnitude of the seven meetings I had to go through in it came before me with such vividness that I don't know that, since that two days' work I did in the Centenary Hall, I have ever shrank as much from the physical strain involved in the task before me in my life. However, I had the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," and I went forward.

The Sydney Town Hall has a fame quite its own, reaching far beyond the bounds of the city, or which it is one of the chief ornaments. The building, taken as a whole, is a massive structure, a little overdone, and should, in my opinion, both outside and in, but nothing can detract from the effect of its splendid boldness, and when the great hall is crowded, as it was our lot to have it again and again, it presents one of the most imposing sights of its kind to be found in any town or city of the world.

I talked with much difficulty to myself in the morning, but my comrades did not see it. In the afternoon the great hall was crowded, and at eight hundred—some say thousands—were turned away. It was a mighty day. I don't think the results can be estimated by the 160 at the penitent farm. I may be mistaken, but my own impression is that everybody in the building was more or less convicted of the truth of what was spoken, if not satisfied that they ought at once to take the course recommended.

—X—

Monday, 10th.

Commenced rather gloomily, in the early hours of the morning, with a relapse of the same trouble from which I recently suffered at Adelaid. The three meetings in the town started me in the face. What was to be done? Then, it was my birthday, and although its celebration had been postponed till the following night, I still wanted something to happen that would in some degree meet the expectations with which the day was so widely regarded.

God was again good to me, and as 10 o'clock approached I was sufficiently bolstered up to go to the hall, and by infinite mercy I got through the three engagements. The results were remarkable, and at the close we rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Taking the actual Sydney campaign, it showed 270 at the penitent form, of whom about 250 were for salvation.

—X—

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

Tuesday, 11th.

Morning, officers' meeting, and at night the celebration of my birthday. For description of the latter event I must refer my readers to the "Cry." I have only time to say it was a glorious gathering. The Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, Sir Frederick Darley, presided; my dear son, the Commandant, read a very affecting, and I might say remarkable, address, and a number of congratulatory mes-

sages from all parts of the colony and all parts of the world. I did the best I could to lead the audience for over an hour. A vote of thanks was moved by the Hon. G. H. Reid, the Premier, and seconded by Sir George Dibbs, the ex-Premier of the colony, in complimentary words, far beyond any deserving of mine. However, I have reason to believe that impressions for God and eternity were made on hundreds, if not thousands, of hearts that night, and that is the main object of my life.

—X—

Wednesday, 12th.

At 10 a.m. officers' meeting. The officers here impress me, in one respect at least, much as they do elsewhere I come, and that is, they are willing and capable, requiring more confidence in themselves, and more desperate energy in pushing the war forward. Oh, I left, as I looked over the 300 officers who raced me in the Masonic Hall that day, if they could but be brought into the full freedom and determination of the Holy Ghost, they would shake not only New South Wales, but the world of Australia. I think they made a step or two forward in this direction.

The Premier was so pressing at the close of the previous night's meeting that I should spend an hour or so with him at the Treasury to-day, that I could not refuse, although I knew that I had three officers' meetings, none of which I was willing to relinquish. According to a plan I had arranged by Commandant and Commissioner, I was the guest of the Cabinet to luncheon. With the exception of Sir George Dibbs and the American Consul, the party was confined to the Ministers, of whom the whole of the Cabinet were present. We had a pleasant and, I hope, a profitable conversation, respecting the work of the Army in its bearing upon the responsibilities of governments with respect to the submerged classes. At the close I spoke on the subject. Again the words given as to the willingness of the Government to render our Social operations all the assistance within its power. I counted the enthusiasm of the night before, and the respect shown me on this occasion, as a high tribute not only to the Social Work of the Army round the world in general, but that in Australia in particular.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

My quarters, for convenience' sake, are in the People's Palace. This building was erected for a hotel a few years ago, at a cost of some £30,000. Unfortunately for the proprietors, it proved a failure, lying comparatively useless for a long time. Six months ago it was rented by the Commandant, and turned into a monster Shelter and People's Hotel, and has so far proved a complete success. Each bed is occupied every night, as many as 320 sleeping in the place.

During the recent Congress it has been a great service to the soldiers who have come in from the country for the meetings. They have been delighted to be so conveniently and economically lodged together with comrades from all parts of the colony. They have thus not only been at home in the meetings, but out of them. As I have looked at the great structure, towering above the surrounding buildings, and have gone in and out with the dead and uniformed crowd, I have felt as though we were gradually coming nearer the usage of the Jewish people, who, in the ancient times, usually went up to Jerusalem to unite together in the worship of God.

South African Incident.

The penetrating power of the South African War Cry goes further and deeper than most people, even South Africans, imagine. Just look at the latest achievement in the Cape Department. We are asked to find Mr. So-and-so, "seventy years old, walks lame, last heard of fifteen years ago." This is considered a tall order, but knowing our Cry, we insert the advertisement, March 25th, and on the 11th of April we are forwarding its address to England. It is out of the Cape Colony, but the Cry reaches a friend, who promptly passes it on to the wanted man, who communicates with us, and there you are!

The General's Birthday Celebration.

PREMIER REID'S EULOGY OF THE GENERAL

A Magnificent Affair.

THE clock has struck twenty-four to-night. That meeting can't be beaten!" Such was the comment of no less an authority than Colonel Lawley, whose absent crook, marked him as an impartial judge. We are inclined to agree with him, and so we think would everyone of the colossal crowd which wedged itself into every inch of available space in that prince of public buildings—the Sydney Town Hall. It was a magnificent triumph, and one of the most overwhelming tributes to the life-work and person of our beloved General that it is possible to gather in any earthly assemblage. "Never we felt proud of the General, it was when he stood forth before that sheet of enthusiasm, a crowd of nearly 5,000 persons, the object of as much love and reverence as any man who ever stood inside those historic walls.

By his side stood three gentlemen who represent in themselves all that is highest in the political, judicial and civil life of the community. We refer to the Premier, the Hon. G. Reid, Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice and Acting-Governor, and Mr. W. G. Myer, of the Mayors' Society, with whom was the Lady Mayoress. There were also present a whole row of other gentlemen, representing all that is best in the complex life of the great city; in fact, it was hard to say who was not present. It was certainly the most representative audience the Army has ever had in the colonies.

The huge crowd, it may be added, had all paid for admission, and quite one-half had purchased additional seats to be held, filling up practically all the time before the commencement of the meeting, and when the stately figure of Sir Frederick Darley was seen, in company with the General and his immediate staff, there was a terrific outburst of cheering, which lasted some minutes.

The Commandant's Address.

The Commandant then read a congratulatory address, renewing the good health and wishes of the Australian officers and soldiers, and from which we quote the following extract:

"Beloved and Honored General,—How happy are we—your Australasian officers and troops—at being favored with the opportunity of greeting you on this occasion of your seventieth birthday. And how eagerly and whole-heartedly we wish you many happy returns of your immortal day in which God sent you to minister to the suffering sons and daughters of the world. No words from us, dear General, are needed to assure you of our affectionate admiration, yet we should think ourselves wanting in the sentiments of true followers did we allow such an occasion to pass without some expression of our hearts' truest feelings, or without a repledging of our faith and our word. As we look, dear General, upon your beloved forces still so rigid and stalwart of you, we are glad to see your fatherly face, the more profound because of the furrows traced upon it by a lifetime of endeavour—as our eyes rest upon the devoted head whose hairs have turned silver in the service of mankind—and as we listen to the voice which, although uplifted for fifty years, has lost none of its power to inspire; we are sure that heaven, and earth, and even hell will understand something of the Godly pride we feel concerning you, our noble! our courageous! our only General!!!"

"On such an occasion as this we feel it our privilege and duty to speak for a larger company than the happy troops who follow your lead under the Southern Cross. Your seventieth birthday is an event of world-wide interest.

"From the uttermost parts of the earth hearts turn towards you to-day in loving salutation. From the frozen

north, where your fur-clad warriors tell the story of the Cross to the diggers of the Klondike. From the sons of the sea, who match the colors to the most among the ice-bound fishing fleets of Lapland and Labrador; from your dusky warlords, who, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, preach Christ to the great heathen nations of the world; from the loyal legions who march through every town and city of the United States; from the soldiers of the empire, and ever-increasing hosts who fight at your bidding beneath the star-spangled banner of the United States; from the sturdy sons and daughters of the Canadian Dominion, who have so proved their fidelity to your person and your principles; from the rising army who delight to honor your name in the land of the German Empire; from the young converts wrested from infidelity in the proud Republic of beautiful France; from your sister institutions in fair Switzerland, who fill the Alpine gorges with the echoes of their songs; and from the whole-souled regiments of Sennenhaua, where your name is revered from the shun to the throne. From all these, and from many more besides, there comes a birthday tribute of praise to God for the purpose of your heart, the vigor of your spirit, the consecration of your talents, the untiring results of your toil in the service of General man.

"Beloved General, the best blessings of a great people are upon you, and the prayers of a spiritual empire are ascending to God for the continuance of your life and labor. And now what can we do better to commemorate this, your birthday, than to re-present ourselves as obedient soldiers, to still further follow you in the fulfillment of those great purposes upon which you have set your soul. Take them off us, as we bring you earthly gifts, but not the things of earthly substance, which we do not possess, but the living hearts and hands which, for Christ's service, we now offer you. They are yours, to love, to trust, and to obey. And through the dark hours of conflict, which are certain to be your lot in the remaining days of your pilgrimage on earth, let the remembrance of these consecrated hearts—thine, fervent, devout, their unfeigned affection, their untiring efforts, clear your spirit; for we must on the eternal shore to share the everlasting rewards of the victories which together we shall have won through the Blood of the Lamb."

The Commandant then commenced to read selected messages from a pile of letters and cables received from men in every walk of life, including those from Premiers Reid and Seddon, the Governor of Victoria, and many other gentlemen high in the estimation of their fellow-citizens. Every message was cheered, but more especially those of Premiers Reid and Seddon and Lord Brassey.

When at last the Commandant's pleasant duty was ended, and the General's tall, commanding form was seen, the vast crowd almost leaped from their seats. The cheering was deafening—"frantic," the Telegraph called it. Perhaps the frantic part of it came from the reporters who nearly filled three tables around the General when the cheering subsided, the gray-headed old veteran, who was powerfully moved by this marvellous outburst of affection, began a speech which was a masterpiece of oratory. The General excelled himself, and moved his hearers to tears or to laughter at will, even some of the very sturdiest men like him moved to tears.

The General's Speech.

The General asked what he could say in response to the sentiments expressed and the sympathy accorded, and so heartily endorsed by the great assembly. He could only repeat what he had often said before, that it was all undeserved, and humbled him to the dust, and made it difficult for him to speak of the things to which reference had been made. And yet he thought that the results of a man's life could not but be encouraging to

him in the dark moments, and prove a stimulus to further effort. (Applause.) He took the generous expressions of sympathy as intended not so much for himself personally as for the work and the workers associated with him. Viewed from that standpoint he would not be considered boastful if he said they deserved what had been said. (Applause.) The Salvation Army deserved well of the people among whom its flag had been unfurled. It was their right to judge them. They were willing to be judged—they had not shrank from the closest investigation—but he asked that they might be judged according to the work they had done, and not by that changeable judge—public opinion. (Applause.) By the grace of God the Salvation Army has been able to climb up and occupy one of the highest places in the realm of Christian philanthropy. The Salvation Army believed in the commandments. They believed in the commandments and in their General. The Army was sound on the old faith. (Applause.) She had not wobbled—(laughter)—and he saw no signs of her doing so. Salvationists believed in the Great White Throne, in the unending joys of heaven, and the pains of hell. They did not ask for judgment, however, on the ground of their orthodoxy. Some of the biggest scoundrels had been orthodox as the devil himself. (Laughter.) He should be asked sent to judge the Army by the work actually done for poor, fallen humanity. He was not trying to set forth that the Salvation Army was a perfect organization, or a success in every part. That would be impossible. Yet, viewing their operations as a whole, he thought they had moved forward successfully. (Applause.)

The General concluded by appealing to all present to a consecration of their lives to the saving of mankind. The Premier's Address.

The Premier, Mr. G. H. Reid, who had entered the building amidst much cheering during the early part of the General's speech, was now called upon by Sir F. Darley to move a vote of thanks to the General. When the right hon. gentleman rose to his feet he was loudly cheered. He said that among the privileges of the high office he held he valued none more than the honor that had been conferred upon him by the request that he should propose a vote of thanks to General Booth for his many services. He was glad to stand in the chair, a simple man and filled, and at present filled, the two highest offices of this country with unimpassioned nobility of character and purpose. He saw many influential ladies and gentlemen around him, and he was sure they never had a better reason for assembling than that which actuated them in that meeting to honor the Grand Old Man who had addressed them. (Loud applause.) It always pleased him that one who was celebrated as the "old man" of the birthday should have been gifted with strength enough of brain and strength enough of body to go through the marvellous ordeal which he was going through by his series of addresses in that hall. Who could help feeling, as he had followed the intense fire, as he appreciated the burning devotion which had animated that illustrious life—who could help feeling that, glorious as the rising sun might be, there was more glory and substance in the world than that which rested upon his honored head. (Loud cheering.) He had, at intervals during his life, been privileged to hear men of eminence lecture upon various great schemes—he had heard men of great ability describe all the glorious teaching of the gospel of humanity, but that night he had seen before him a man who wielded an enormous power over thousands and tens of thousands in all the countries of the world, who had come to that power by the sweat of his brow, yet who was the head of the Army that stretches its hands over all the countries of the world, was a most wonderful monument of human energy and genius and human usefulness, which, while grasping like a giant at the impulses which made for the higher growth of humanity, had never brought upon mankind a single deed of wrong, a single act of oppression, or a single tear of suffering. (Applause.)

In that great movement which General Booth had started, they saw one of the brightest developments of modern life, which, after all, derived its greatest glory from the fact that it was bringing humanity back to the grand primal cause of all human love, of all human charity. The people of all nations owed a profound debt to the man and those who were associated with him. And in their work they had brought into their great Army the better part of humanity, noble and unselfish women. (Loud applause.) Humanity would be elevated when men and women, hand to hand, and heart to heart, worked together on terms of perfect equality. They all hoped the General would live long and prosper. They all hoped that when he was gone his great work would still continue, and that he would be held in high esteem. They all felt this, that when the old warrior had laid down his noble battle, when he ceased to work for the good of his fellow-men, he would have done more for his species, more for the elevation of mankind in all the countries, than many who were prouder titles. (Great cheering.)

The veteran ex-Premier, Sir Geo. Dibbs, was called upon to move a vote of thanks to the General for his cheery cheering to do so. It was manifest that the fine old fighter had been powerfully influenced by the General's great speech. He said he was pleased to do honor to the man who, in his (Sir George's) humble opinion, was the man of the century. (Applause.) He had been a witness to much of the good the Salvation Army had done. General Booth had delivered that night one of the most remarkable addresses he had heard in his life, and he thanked God that he had the opportunity of hearing it, though he had chosen between coming there and going to hear "Othello." (Cheers.) The General had not killed thousands on the battlefield, but he had saved hundreds of thousands from wretchedness and also saved their souls. (Applause.)

The motion was carried amid rounds of cheering.

The General briefly, but gratefully, acknowledged the vote passed, and caused to be carried by a forest of hands a vote of thanks to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Commandant closed with the benediction the most overwhelming and triumphant gathering the Army has ever held under the Southern Cross.

The General Meets Premier Reid

A MINISTERIAL BANQUET GIVEN IN HIS HONOR.

Some idea of the marvellous influence of the Tuesday night meeting held in the Sydney Town Hall, on the occasion of the General's birthday, may be gathered from the following incident. Immediately after the close of the great meeting, the Hon. G. H. Reid went into the General's private room and invited him to luncheon next day with himself and the members of the Premier's Cabinet. Of course the General accepted the invitation, and sat down at the Colonial Secretary's office, where an excellent repast was provided.

After the luncheon, during which the General conversed with Premier Reid on various Army and Social topics, the General, at the invitation of the Premier, gave a descriptive account of the work in all lands, which was listened to with every sign of profound and respectful attention.

At its conclusion, the Commandant, in a few well-chosen sentences, thanked the Premier for the opportunity thus afforded the General of giving information to the influential guests present concerning the work of the Army.

The Hon. the Premier, in replying, said that he had listened to the General with the greatest pleasure. He was convinced that no one could have made the speech that the General did on the previous evening, except he had possessed power from on high.

The General, it may be added, has by his strong personality, made a deep impression upon all classes during the Sydney campaign, and there is no reason to doubt that the Army's position has been permanently strengthened among those upon whom has been placed the responsibility for governing the people of New South Wales.

The Soldier's First Duty.

(To our frontispiece.)

WHAT is a soldier's first duty? "I know," somebody answers, "it is courage, dare, bravery, recklessness, desperation and ambition. It must be, for we talk of the heroic deeds of the soldier, we sing about the bravery of the old knights, our poets have composed ballads and dramas on the accomplishments of dash and daring, and the newspapers report under big scareheads the desperate doings of courageous soldiers."

While admitting that courage is one of the finest qualifications of a soldier and the most conspicuous attribute, yet we assert that the first DUTY of a soldier is Obedience.

A company of soldiers, obedient to their captain, will accomplish more as a whole, than two companies of disobedient, although brave soldiers.

Bravery has its place in the exercise of one's own free will, as well as attracting the admiration of men; obedience is a constant resigning of one's own choice to the command of the leader of the whole, and is, therefore, not a pleasant thing to Self, neither does it a dutiful obedience command the admiration of the crowd.

The universe is founded upon obedience; without it the whole creation would fall to pieces. But the laws of God are implicitly obeyed by whirling worlds and the smallest dew-drop. Man only, having a free will, can and does disobey, to the destruction of his happiness and hope.

Disobedience turned angels into fiends, robbed mankind of Paradise, and nailed the Son of God to the cross. Disobedience defiled the earth, sent the plagues upon Egypt, made Sis'is, a serpent, devoured David, turned Nebuchadnezzar into a beast, and scattered the Israelites to the four winds, making the chosen people of God a people without nationality.

"To obey is better than sacrifice," it is written in the Book of books, although to sacrifice appears greater than to obey in general. At all ages people have been very ready to approve their consciences by occasional sacrifice, when they never were ready to render a conditional obedience.

The Field Commissioner puts the truth tersely in the following words, "Obedience is the first and last gate of a Christian's life."

Schiller, the great German poet, illustrates the beauty and first place of obedience in the Christian's duties, in an excellent poem, "The fight with the Dragon." The essence of the story runs as follows:

A young member of an old Christian order of knights was eager to render some distinction to his name and people. The old knights were not only mounted and missionaries in one, but had to fight as well against wild beasts and hostile tribes to protect the people among whom they resided. In this case the country had been scourged—the legend runs—by a monstrous dragon, who from time to time would raid the country, carrying away man and cattle. Many a valiant knight had endeavored to slay the brute, but had perished in the attempt, until the command of the order was given to render, forbidding his compatriots to attempt single-handed combat with the dragon. This youth, however, was determined to try. Securing a furlough, he left the cloister and his ancestral castle, trained his horse and dogs to the combat, having made an image of the monster out of rags. At last he attempts the fight, conquers and kills the dragon, and brings the carcass trailing through the streets. He now stands before his Superior, having recounted his adventure. We give the conclusion in the poet's own version:

The joyous shouts, so long suppressed, Now burst from ev'ry heart's breast, Soon as the knight these words had spoken; And ten times 'ganlust the high vault broken, The sound of mingled voices rang Re-echoing back with hollow clang. The Order's song demand, in haste, That with a crown his brow be graced,

And gratefully in triumph now The mob the youth would bear a long— When, lo! the Master hilt His brow, And called for silence 'mongst the throng.

And said, "The dragon that this land Land waste, thou slew'st with daring hand."

Although the people's idol then, The Order's fee I deem thee now, Thy breast has to a fiend more base Than e'en this dragon given place. The serpent that the heart most stings, And hatred and destruction brings, That stings like stubhorn iles, And impiously casts on the rein, Despising order's sacred tocs:

"Is THAT destroys the world a maln."

The Mameluke makes of courage boast,

Obedience decks the Christian most; where our great and blessed Lord As a mere servant walk'd abroad. The Fathers, on that holy ground, This famous Order chose to found, That arduous duty to fulfil,

To overcome one's own self-will! Twas like glory moved thee there:

So take them hence from out My sight!

For who the Lord's yoke cannot bear, To wear His cross can have no right."

A furlong short now rise the crowd, The place is filled with enterles loud: The brethren all for pardon cry:

The youth in silence droops his eyes— Mutely his garments from him throws, Kisses the Master's hand, and—goes.

But He purposed him with His gaze, Recalls him lovingly, and says:

"Let Me embrace thee now, My son: The harder fight is gained by thee, Take, then, this cross—the girdon won

By self-subdued humility."

Warm Western Welcome

TO THE
NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE
PACIFIC PROVINCE.

It was a warm welcome, of course it was. You always get that in the S. A., especially in the West, and I can assure you that Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gage's welcome to the Pacific Province was no exception to the rule. The reception took place on Wednesday night. The Brigadier led, and the barracks was packed to the doors.

A case of curiosity, you say? No, sir! That is no unusual thing for a week-end meeting in Spokane, and is a darn certainty if there is something special announced. The Sgt.-Major welcomed the Staff-Captain on behalf of the soldiers in the Corps and Division, and called upon all those who would stand by the new Chancellor to stand to their feet. Not only all those on the platform, but also a number in the audience responded.

Adjt. Coombs made one of his characteristic speeches on behalf of the members, and Ensign Stevens said her little piece for the women officers in the Province. Both gave the Staff-Captain and his family a hearty welcome, and expressed their confidence in them, and prophesied that they were going to have a successful stay.

The Brigadier had a few more words.

Staff-Captain Gage responded for himself and Mrs. Gage, who was unavailable, distant from the gathering. He was glad to be present, and believed that God was going to make him a blessing, and he would try to be a help to everyone. He was sure that God was going to help him, and bless his labors.

An officers' tea followed, when we sat down to a well-spread table provided by Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd and assistants. A very enjoyable time was spent.

COLUMBUS.

So and look onward, upward,

Where the starry light appears— Where, in spite of the cowardly

ing—

Or your small heart's trembling fears,

You shall reap in joy the harvest

You have sown to day in tears.

—A. A. Proctor.

Scored Again!

WEST ONTARIO MAY COUNCILS.

Division of Labor Among the Speakers.

Promotions—Commissions—Enthusiasm—Ice Cream.

Major Southall, the ever-alert P. O. of the Province, made a good stroke when he decided to take advantage of the holiday rates to gather in council his officers on the 23rd and 24th of May. The S. A. Citadel, London, presented a very lively appearance by the arrival of some eighty officers from different parts of the Province.



The councils had been well boomed through the Comrade, and the officers came with the highest expectations; it is certain none were disappointed. A novel feature of the councils was the apportioning of different subjects, covering every phase of the war, to the different D. O.'s, who handled their job manfully.

• * * * *

First Session.—At 2:30 p.m. the officers met in the week-night hall of the S. A., especially in the West, and after some red-hot prayer, and besieging the Throne of Grace, our worthy Provincial Officer rose to speak amid deafening volleys and clapping of hands. The Major expressed his pleasure at having another opportunity of seeing his officers, and went on to speak of the work of our Army, and the tremendous possibilities that lie ahead of us. The Adj't. Coombs, in a speech of encouragement, which we recently said, "The religion of the next century will be that of the Salvation Army." The Major also gave some very encouraging figures of the advances made in the last year.

The P. O. read a letter from our beloved Commissioner, who had so kindly and thoughtfully remembered us, the reading of which brought forth tremendous volleys, showing the love and esteem that each officer holds for their leader. A return message of love and loyalty was sent by the Major, each officer giving expression to their determination to follow by their leader and the dear old Flag.

Capt. Keeler gave us a brand new song, which went with a swing.

Ensign Mellarg, in handling his subject, "Organization," made some capital points about the J. S. work.

Adj't. Coombs used his subject, "Special Efforts," with good effect, and we are sure if the officers will only follow the lines laid down by the Adj't. Coombs, that the W. O. P. Harvest Festival and the Self-Denial efforts cannot fail to be a success.

Capt. and Mrs. Blackburn were extended a hearty welcome by the Provincial Staff and Field Officers. The Adj't. Coombs handled his subject, "How to run a hard corps," in a masterly way, giving some of his experience, which must prove helpful to all.

A tea was provided by Adj't. and Mrs. McAmmond and Capt. Clark, with the co-operation of the London soldiery. A fine spread it was, too, and they deserve great credit.

The night session was a season of blessing. Mrs. Adj't. Hughes sang and spoke to us on "How to boom the Cry." She handled her subject splendidly.

The next subject, "Discipline," was allotted to our worthy Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips, who, in a well-thought-out address, showed its importance, what it really meant, and the necessity of every one in our ranks adhering to it. The Staff-Captain also spoke of many other points of vital importance to our work in the Army.

Mrs. Major Southall, who holds a warm place in every officer's heart, was the next speaker, and gave a most blessed and God-inspired talk, taken for her subject "Love." She read the 13th chapter of the 1 Cor., discussing each verse in an able manner. Mrs. Southall spoke of the "pressed man" and the "volunteer." She was listened to with rapt attention. The hallowed influence of the Holy Ghost was such in the meeting that the officers, though somewhat weary with travelling, were loath to leave, though it was nearly half-past ten.—W. J. W.

Thursday morning the councils opened with a vim and found the Major in good trim. The P. O. dealt with several questions affecting the Province, in a convincing manner, after which we were treated to a solo from Ensign Orchard. It voiced the sentiments, we think, of the majority of the officers present. When the solo had ended into his subject, "How to armen a corps," in such a manner that his listeners were convinced that the speaker knew whereof he spoke.

To Ensign Wakeland was entrusted the subject, "How to finance a corps," and his remarks were full of force and sound logic. Adj't. Hughes gave a practical talk on "The art of soul-saving," giving some valuable hints on conducting Sunday night meetings. Staff-Capt. Cowan's address on "Personal Religion" was a real treat, and came as the dew of Hermon to our souls. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips' "Observations" were terse and bright.

The Major's closing address was a masterpiece. We had a heart-searching time. The closing moments of the May council will linger long in our memories, and in that last consecration scene we believe vows were made, the carrying out of which will result in a mighty onward sweep in Western Ontario. Thus closed the councils.

The Night Public Meeting.

This meeting will be long remembered by the officers of the W. O. P. and the Salvationists of the Forest City. The bulletin board announced:

"Great War Memories Meeting, Commissioning of Field Officers, and Ice Cream Social!"

At 7:30 the march left the Citadel, headed by the famous London Band and the host of visiting officers. By May council will linger long in our memories, and in that last consecration scene we believe vows were made, the carrying out of which will result in a mighty onward sweep in Western Ontario. Thus closed the councils.

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Mrs. Adj't. Coombs was the first speaker, and she, as well as other former officers of this corps, who followed were greeted with a regular tornado of applause. Adj't. Hughes, Capt. Holloman and Capt. Hancock had a share in this. Mrs. Adj't. Hughes also sang and spoke, this being her first public appearance in London.

After this part of the meeting was gone through, came the commissioning of some 50 officers. It was an interesting proceeding. Before receiving their appointments the Major called on five Lieutenants—Burrow, Sturt, Carr, Baird and Copland to sing a quintette which they did in good Army style. After which, to their great surprise, they were promoted to the rank of Captain. Our tried and faithful comrade, Capt. Crawford, was also promoted by the Commissioner to the rank of Ensign. All these promotions were received with great applause. The Major then made the appointments.

Then we had a few words from Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips and Mrs. Southall, who made a living appeal to us to present our rise to their privileges, and obey God and go forth to salvation.

We finished up with three songs at the Fountain. Thus closed one of the best series of councils and meetings the writer ever attended.—Silver Spray.



WEEKLY WATCHWORD: "Rejoice."

Rejoice, though storms assail thee;
Rejoice when skies are bright;
Rejoice, though clouds of pathway
Lie spread the gloom of night;
If the good hope be in thee,
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell!

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone;
For silently and swiftly,
The wheels of time roll on;
All still they bear then forward,
Ne'er to that happy shore,
While the triumphant song is
Rejoice for evermore.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Repentance the Road to Rejoicing.—
1. Chron. xvi. 16.

To the conscience, stricken by the revolution of sin, joy looks a remote possibility; yet, such are nearer happiness than the carelessly cheerful. To experience the sweets of salvation, there must be keen sorrow for sin. The more genuine the man's repentance, the more joyous his rejoicing. Gladness is the inevitable outcome of contrite grief; those who seek who truly grieve, find in His fulness Him Who is the satisfaction of their souls.

XXXXX

MONDAY.

The Saints' Unseen Source of Joy.—
1. Peter 1. 8.

The joy of Christ is not an experience to be dogmatized upon, nor even to be minutely described. They who know it need no words with which to enhance such glory; they who as yet stand without such happiness must find its secret before they can understand the joy-light that gleams in the sky of the Christian, undimmed by circumstances or sorrow.

XXXXX

TUESDAY.

Pleasure only in Things Profitable.—
1. Cor. xiii. 6.

God hasten the day when people who have every desire to do and be good, will only take pleasure in the same! Gossip and other kindred littlenesses are not the pastimes for saints to indulge in—rejoice in the truth means a character of integrity and a life of liberty.

XXXXX

WEDNESDAY.

Joy in the Joy of Others.—Romans xii. 15.

Many people whose sympathy is drawn out to share another's grief, keep back its tide when their friends rejoice. It is as much our duty to rejoice with those that rejoice as it is to weep with those that weep. It is a higher form of unselfish interest to share the joy of another than to sympathize with their sorrow.

XXXXX

THURSDAY.

Delight in the Details of Daily Duty.—Deut. xii. 7.

Those who wait for great ecstasies, for mighty revolutions, and enhancing events to call forth joy will not live happy lives. Happiness is elated found in content in small things. Cheerfulness in the fulfilling of daily duty makes heaven in the heart amidst the most adverse surroundings.

XXXXX

FRIDAY.

Celestial Joy Found in Suffering.—
Acts v. 41.

To find pleasure in pain is one of the Christian's secrets, and an unexplain-

able mystery to the world. The joy of bearing a cross for the Crucified, of being counted worthy to endure hardness, and circumstances trying and painful, holds brighter and more blessed feeling than any other providence of Jehovah.

XXXXX

SATURDAY.

The Soul-Saver's Crown of Joy.—Ps. cxvii. 6.

The positive pleasure of a soul-saving life is the experience nearest heavenly bliss offered to anyone this side of the pearly gates. Though there may be the tears, the toll and the agony, there is ever the sure fruition to look forward to of that glorious moment when all who have sought the lost will meet them on the Morning as found; and in the binding of those eternal shawls, the toll of them will ever be forgotten.

OUR JOY.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Oh, Hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek.

But what to those who find—ah! this
Not pen nor tongue can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but the saved ones know.

Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize will be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.



Jesus at Jacob's Well.

John iv. 9-26.

The first words spoken by Jesus to the woman at the well must have at once convinced her that, although a Jew in aspect, the traveler sitting by the wayside was unlike any other of this nationality whom she had ever met.

All her life the woman had been accustomed to the strained relations existing between the Jews and the Samaritans. We can surely imagine the extent of this racial prejudice which in those days generally resulted in much bitter feeling on both sides. From time immemorial the Jews had despised the Samaritans, looking down upon them as a lower and heathen race. Although, so far as we know, the Samaritans were a peace-loving and mild race, and manifested no enmity towards their softer neighbors, they would, not, naturally, entertain

friendly feelings towards them, and be little disposed to expect or receive blessing at their hands.

For a Jew to ask even so small a gift as a drink of water from a Samaritan was an unheard-of thing, and this request of Jesus must have at once surprised His listener. But the more we know of the character and teaching of our Lord the less we should be surprised at this action of Jesus. Was it not His mission to make all men one in God, and to do away with the strife that had made man the enemy of man?

The aim of Christ is still the same, and through His servants He can would speak those lessons of love and kindness which go to tell that in God's sight all are equal, and all men brothers.

Living water is one of the most beautiful similes for salvation used in the Bible. When Christ said, referring to the partaker of this heavenly draught, "He shall never thirst," He

did not speak of the physical thirst, which was the only kind the Samaritan knew of, but of that deep thirst of the soul, which only God can satisfy, and only His salvation can quench.

This spiritual thirst is as real as the living water which satisfies it. Although there is lamentably little of that "hunger and thirst after righteousness" which God has pledged Himself so wonderfully to fulfill, yet there is a sense in which even the unconverted are filled with the craving for God. The desire is often a hidden one, the longing frequently a smothered one, but behind many a seemingly careless exterior, it is there all the same, to be appealed to, to be increased, and then to be led to the only source for its satisfaction.

Living water is this the kind of salvation we possess? No stagnant, non-advancing stream, but an ever-renewing aggressive force springing up within the heart and influencing the life. Stagnant streams are the soonest to dry up. Non-progressive soldiers are the quickest to drop out of the ranks. God keep our experience a fresh and a flowing one.

A MERRY HEART.

A merry heart! A merry heart!
It singeth all day long,
Though called with divers things to
part,

Its joy is deep and strong,
In spite of Satan's fiery dart,
It taketh high its song.

Oh, wouldest thou, friend, the secret
know,

Of such a heart as this,
Possessing such a peaceful flow
Of ecstasy and bliss?
Wherever Jesus bids it go—
It has one answer, "Yes."

Obedience is the vital breath
Of such a merry heart,
Quitting body, if it be of death,
To do the better part!
It firmly holds the shield of faith,
And quenches every dart.

The merry heart hath endless feast,
And Christ partakes therin,
He deigns to dwell with ev'ry the least
That will but part with sin.
Ah, when the inward strife hath ceased,

Then Heaven doth here begin!

His heart was broke to make mine
glad,

My joy was dearly bought,
How oft His countenance was sad,
While He man's freedom wrought!
O that a thousand tongues I had
To praise Him as I ought!

—Albert Tristram.



CHRIST AT THE WELL IN SAMARIA.

The Royal City,

And the Record of its S. A. Corps.

By ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

No one was ever known to dispute the fact that Guelph is a pretty city, with its triangular blocks and wooded crescents opening to the view, as you walk along its streets, its sloping hills crowned with beautiful buildings, and the river winding its way in and out, turning in its course many a winding hour and

woolen mill, electric light works, etc., for the River Speed is useful to the manufacturing industries, as well as beautifying to the city. There is also an old-fashioned log station, purposely spared in a raze of early days, which would yet lead the traveller to believe he was in the new country.

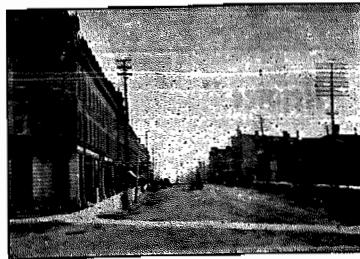
But it is as an Army officer I have observed Guelph, and naturally my

has his interest flagged up to the present, for to-day he is as warm a friend as in days of old. The present Mayor, Mr. R. E. Nelson, does not differ from his predecessors in this respect, and in any philanthropic scheme the Army has on foot, lends his kindly aid and co-operation.

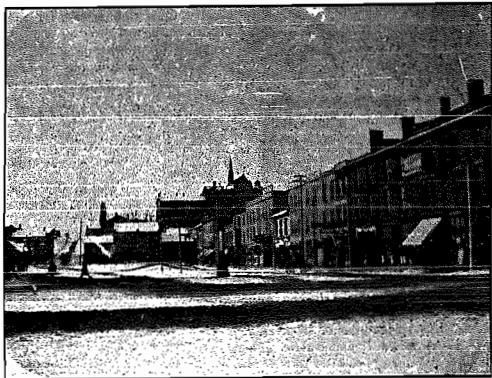
Institutions Open to Us

Another evidence of the favor of the city is the free access granted to our League of Mercy sisters to the jail and hospital, and the most kindly treatment from all the officials connected therewith. In this issue you will find the photographs of two of the League of Mercy sisters—Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Dawson is

Square, just before the big Post Office. It is the popular stand to-day. All the summer months the entire Saturday night meetings are held here, and as the crowds pass in and out of the



Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.



Market Square, Guelph.

interest has been centred on the Army, its attitude to the city, and that of the city towards it, and after eight months spent in it, I've come to the conclusion that Guelph possesses some good people as well as its share of clever and intellectual citizens. The chief characteristic is the love of justice and right which seems to predominate. Just as Hitler instances: A certain brass band made an appeal to the City Council for a grant to be allowed them from the city funds, when the suggestion was immediately made that the Army band should have a grant also, revealing the fact that our band is by no means unappreciated in the city.

Proper Mayors.

It is a peculiar feature in the history of the city that from the commencement of our operations here, the Mayor elected from year to year has always shown a marked interest in the Army. The first to take our part when curiosities regarding our work was followed by opposition, was Mayor Stevenson, whose photograph appears in this issue, and his kind and Christian spirit has not changed during the fifteen years of smiles and tears the corps has passed through. Mayor Lamprey also did the Army many a good turn, nor

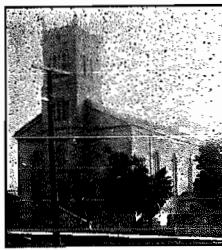


Burr's Furniture Factory Employees, Guelph.

probably better known as Captain Churchill, who first opened fire in Guelph, and she is not one whit less bold-and-fire than in days of yore. She has the oversight of the League of Mercy sisters, and in that capacity has full scope for her energies. Equally well-known in Ontario as in Guelph, is her husband, ex-Ensign Dawson. His tall, manly figure will be remembered in many a town and city corps. He now fills the position of Junior Sgt.-Major, and is universally loved and esteemed. He is faithful as a home-wrecker, and the J. W. Dawson band. Six Little Dawsons, all full of life and health, are Salvationists by birth and education. The oldest one, Byron, already plays a horn in the band.

Band Appreciated

Certainly the Army enjoys great privileges in Guelph. The City Council grants us the use of the park for our Sunday afternoon meetings during the hot summer weather. And what meetings they are! Everybody enjoys them, rich and poor, young and old, saved and unsaved. Then there is our first open-air stand, on St. George's



Town Hall, Guelph.

Post Office, sending and receiving messages, they stop to listen to the Army band and then receive a message, not on paper, but direct upon the tables or their hearts from some red-hot Salvationist, such as Mrs. Scott or the renowned Walter Scott, or perhaps one of the band boys.

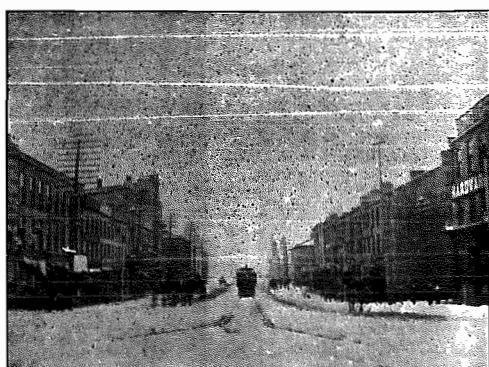
Mrs. Simpson must not be overlooked in this small epitaph of Guelph, for perhaps her worth tells on the morals of the city more than any one Salvationist.

Ghoul beside. Many a guilty prisoner has grasped her hand while the hot tears fell upon it. Many a dying mother and woman has blessed the day she entered the hospital ward. Her flock of three little girls are with her heart and soul in the Army, the eldest, Eva, taking her place regularly in the War Cry rounds and the band.

More War Crys are sold in the city to-day than have been for over six years—225 weekly and special Cry 250.

Burr's Factory.

While I am on the subject of War Cry selling, I should like to say a word or two about Mr. Burr's in the accompanying photo. They are a large crowd to the Cry. Every week I sell 40 there, and there are many warm friends of the Army among them. Two or three of them have brothers who are officers, several have relatives who are Salvation soldiers. In the group are the Messrs. Burr, two brothers who own the factory. Their cheerful faces are to be seen at any time on the floors or in the office. They are very honest, warm friends to the Army, and we esteem it a great privilege that we are allowed weekly to sell our papers, never being told we are taking up valuable time. Much of the credit, too, may be given to the foremen of the different flats, who are as cordial in their welcome from week to week.



S. A. Barracks, Guelph.

Lower Wyndham Street, Guelph.

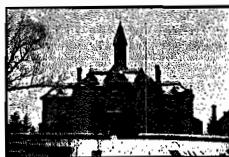


Mayor R. E. Nelson.

as any, and are very eager that their floor shall not be behind in buying the Cry. This grope gave about \$6 to our last Self-Denial effort. I think they deserve a volley, and I covet them all for Jesus.

Although churches are sleekly filled in this not very large city, we have our atheist converts, who are as characterized from the old, tried friends, as the roughs, whom we are always glad to see. The best of harmony exists between platform and people. The past winter has seen some big sinners saved.

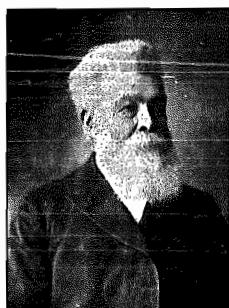
Bro. Cormie is faithfully telling out what great and mighty things God has done for him; how in the old drill shed, where the Army opened fire, he staggered to the pointed form the worse of his countrymen, the blood of sons of God was breathed into his soul. For fifteen years he has stood firm. In many a practical way he proves his gratitude to God, for never does he hear the cry of distress or need, but his sympathies are reached.



Central School, Guelph.

I was speaking of a new corps recently opened, when some one said, in reference to it, "It is in its first love, and boiling over with enthusiasm," to which I replied, "Ah, but Guelph has come through the fire and storm and has proved itself. In my opinion nothing could surpass the old school now. They're tried, proved and true." God speed it. It must increase, the foundation is solid, the Junior war progressive, the city favorable, opportunities legion, and, best of all, God is with us.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
But ours alone can never prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the
sail,
Or all the toll is lost. —Cowper.



Mr. Stevenson.



Guelph War Cry Brigade.

Ensign Ottawa, Eva Simpson, Pub. S-M. Smith, J. S. Treas. Scott, Capt. Coe, S. M. Scott.

DESPERATE.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

THE above was the heading of a newspaperman's description of a suicidal venture and accomplishment. A man, about 40 years of age, and seemingly tired of life, put an end to his own existence in this world.

It was indeed a desperate act. Whatever his past may have been, I

You say, "Poor man, tired of life!" Why was it? It may have been because life's side had gone against him, and he felt he could not stem its current, or, perhaps, weakness of mind had led to so meek an act.

He need not have become tired of living, for life to him might have been made sweet had he pursued the right course, and looked to the Strong for strength.

Oh, how many a man has tired of life. Its attractions once pleased, its



Ensign Ottawa.

know not, but life's doings were ended in this one sad tragedy. Two attempts were made to accomplish his purpose. The first was a jump into the great Mississippi, but when he felt the cold waters about him, his nerves failed, and he drew himself out.

The second attempt was a successful one. He sat down upon the river bank, where he could plainly hear the roar of the falls beyond, and across the water he could see the lights of a big city after dark. There, however, seemed no hope for him, so he made up his mind to there and then end all. Leaning his back against a post the trigger of a revolver was pulled by his own hand, and his soul passed on, as the newspaper put it, "to worlds unknown."

vanities were esteemed for a season, its future seemed studded with stars of hope for years of gaiety, but he proves to his sorrow that pleasures not born of heaven are fleeting, and leave an empty void.

Carried onward by an ever-increasing current, for more of sin's pleasure, he finds how unsatisfactory life is, as he asks himself, "Is this all?" Like the man who sat on the bank of the Mississippi, within hearing of the falls and within sight of the city, so he sits on the bank of sin's river. He can hear below and beyond the sound of hell's entrap. One more plunge and a little more drifting will bring him within reach of its seething, destroying power and he is dashed over into an awful hell. And he may sit on the banks of



Ex-Mayor Lamprey, Guelph.

sin's river, and looking up and across, see the glimmering lights of the heavenly city, which beckon him on by every fluke to the place of safety and happiness.

Instead of plunging into sin's depths all he has to do is to forfeit his present evil, call to his aid the Heavenly Rock, and placing his trust in Him, he is bound certain to that place where sin cannot enthrall, where hope is never deferred or blighted, where life is lived on in perpetual happiness.

Reader, have you proved life's gaiety but a flash that does not satisfy? Have the clutching of this world's perplexities and petty trials so worn your spirit that there seems only a span between you and self-destruction? Has the disappointment of life and the darkness of sin's night so enshrouded a cloud of gloom to rest upon you that all seems very dark? If so, look up.



Agricultural College, Guelph.

for there is now beaming across sin's waters, lights from the land of hope, where sin is not.

It is true sin's current is attractive, and the devil whispers, "Take another plunge; drift a little further down the stream," but you consider not the swiftness of the current, and the weakness of your own flesh as the devil does. He knows that a little more drifting means that you go over the falls of eternal ruin.

Rise up, sinner, and call upon the One mighty to save and strong to deliver. "Draw yourself in the car of Him who is all powerful, set your ears to the devil's suggestions, and laying aside every weight allow Him to steer you safely over. In your going, reach out a helping hand to pull someone else out of sin's current, and then life will be a joy, as true joy comes from a deep realization of our own safety and the helping of others.



Bro. Alex. Cormie.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:—

ADJUTANT STANYON, of Territorial Headquarters, to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.

ENSIGN WELSH, of Territorial Headquarters, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN TURPIN, of Territorial Headquarters, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN MCHARG, Chatham Corps and District, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN BABLINGTON, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN STEVENS, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

Captain Kerr, of Hamilton Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Lowry, of Montreal Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Jeunie Crawford, of West Ontario, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant Sitzer to be Captain.

Lieutenant Burrows to be Captain, and to assist at Chatham.

Lieutenant Baird to be Captain at Bothwell.

Lieutenant Carr to be Captain at Brantford.

Lieutenant Copeman to be Captain at Searfoss as 2nd.

Cadet-Captain Coy to be Captain at Berlin.

Appointments:—

ADJT. MAGEE, late on furlough, to North Sydney Corps and Cape Breton District.

ADJT. WOODROFF, late on furlough, to Nelson Corps and Kootenay District.

ADJT. COOMBS, of Brantford, to Chatham Corps and District.

ADJT. MCHARG, of Windsor, to Brantford Corps and District.

ADJT. BLACKBURN, of Port Hope, to Windsor Corps and District.

ENSIGN MCKENZIE, of Berlin, to Essex.

ENSIGN HILL to Belleville Corps and District.

ENSIGN STAIGERS, of Belleville Corps and District, to Port Hope Corps and Cobourg District.

ENSIGN CRICHTON to Windsor, N. S., Corps and District.

Capt. Ingan, of the Pacific Province, transferred to the United States.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

Goodwill to Man.

It is a most encouraging sign of the times that questions like the Chinese complications, the Fashoda quarrel, the Samoan trouble, the Transvaal dispute, etc., which were fraught with dangers of international strife, and each of which at one time would have provoked war, are now more and more becoming subject to calm discussion and arbitration. The nations are weary of war and its burden, for even the victor in modern war has to pay dearly for his glory, and often suffers equally with the defeated nation. May the angels of Justice and Mercy be triumphant in ever destroying the demon of war!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

CONDUCTS A
United Soldiers' Meeting at
Lisgar Street.

SOLDIERS TURN OUT EN MASSE—COMMISSIONER
TALKS TO READY LISTENERS ABOUT PER-
SONAL SALVATION—A SPIRITUAL FEAST.

Another united soldiers' meeting, this time for the Salvationists in the Western half of the city, was conducted by the Field Commissioner on Tuesday, May 23rd, and the announcement of it was sufficient to fill the Lisgar St. barracks with a happy crowd of uniformed soldiers, Cadets and officers. The preliminaries at once presaged a good meeting. The Commissioner was in good trim for the meeting, and before taking up her lesson, said she had a little pleasant duty to fulfil, which was altogether too seldom the case, since the more grave responsibilities overshadowed such bright—but brief—occasions. She proceeded then to promote Ensigns Turpin and Welch to the rank of Adjutants, and Adjt. and Mrs. Stanyon to the rank of Staff-Capitains. These announcements were each received with much applause. Miss Booth made some personal remarks on each promotion, and we all agreed that they were all well merited by our comrades.

AN ABLE RELIGION.

The Field Commissioner based her address upon the question of the King of old to Daniel, "Is thy God able to deliver thee?" and with the precision of one long experienced in dealing with the spiritual difficulties and hindrances of men and women's souls, she appealed straight to the conscience of everyone present. It was a kind of spiritual muster and inspection of arms, to find out whether our weapons were intact, and our ammunition of the right quality.

We all enjoyed the excellent advice, the plainly-purposed and the kind concern displayed by our beloved leader, and we all hope that Miss Booth will often meet us again in soldiers' councils.

Our spiritual appetite for such is always keen, and we have enjoyed the feast of the last two meetings of the Commissioner's immensely.—A Toronto Soldier.

Congratulations, Brigadier and Mrs. McIntyre, on your well-deserved promotion. These comrades are two other "misnomers" sent from the Land of the Maple to the domain of Uncle Sam.



A Loyal Message

FROM THE

West Ontario Troops

To the Field Commissioner.

London, Ont.,
May 23rd.

About eighty officers, assembled in council, send loving and loyal greetings. Your letter was accepted with red-hot enthusiasm. We are determined West Ontario shall do its part in the Century Scheme, as a token of gratitude to God for sparing our beloved General. Blood and Fire will conquer.

Major Southall.

The Press on the Massey Hall Meeting.

All the daily papers of Toronto had favorable comments upon the meeting; we clip a portion of the report in the Mail and Empire, as fairly representing the opinion of the Press:

MISS EVA BOOTH IN RAGS.

Large Audience Greets the S. A. Leader in
Massey Hall—Sad and Harrowing Tales
of Life in London Slums.

"An immense audience, which crowded Massey Hall from the ground floor to the top gallery, greeted Miss Eva Booth when she repeated her lecture on the 'London Slums' at that place last evening.

"Colonel Higgs, General Secretary of the Salvation Army in the United States, acted as chairman. On the platform were seated the Army band and the different officers of the local S. A. movement.

"The Commissioner's appearance on the platform, dressed in ragged clothes and wearing odd shoes, tied with string, was the signal for repeated rounds of applause.

"I have been too long connected with the misery and sin of the world," said the speaker, in commencing, to think any explanation necessary for my appearance in rags. "I have seen in any other city, the speaker said she would have been unable to reach the homes and the hearts of the poverty-stricken people she most desired to help. Such people turned against, often with hatred and spite, those who were better dressed or more cultivated than themselves. Poorly dressed, under the pretence of selling matches or flowers, or at other times taking her guitar and playing at the corners for pennies, the speaker had been glad to make her way safely through the lowest courts and darkest alleys. Long before evangelists were allowed to enter the prisons, the speaker dressed in her worn clothing, had been admitted to those places as a friend of the prisoners. In this attire she visited nearly all the jails and prisons of London, including the famous 'Old Bailey.' Because she did not give away soup tickets, or anything else of value, many wondered how she succeeded in winning her way into the confidence of the very lowest classes of people. The secret of this lay in a wonderful charm which she always carried with her, and which had never failed to open the door to the poorest heart. This charm consisted of four keys, 'Love,' 'Sympathy,' 'Sacrifice,' 'Action.'

"The speaker went on to explain the different ways in which each key operated: telling, in the course of her address, many sad and harrowing tales of low life in the great metropolis. Her address was closely listened to, and evidently impressed her hearers."



Peace on Earth.

The Peace Conference is making better advancement than the prospects of the opening promised and the newspapers pressaged. It appears that universal disarmament, however desirable, was considered to be premature and practically impossible at the time, when by a splendid stroke of the British representative the question of universal arbitration was brought up. Russia, having anticipated the surprise, at once produced a document containing a draft of such an institution. The American delegates are also introducing a proposal for the establishment of a Permanent Board of International Arbitration. There is now every hope that such or a similar proposal will be finally accepted by all representatives, which will mean a magnificent advance towards making war an improbability. Every follower of Christ should continue to exercise a fervent faith on behalf of the proposals now before the convention.

Our spiritual appetite for such is always keen, and we have enjoyed the feast of the last two meetings of the Commissioner's immensely.—A Toronto Soldier.

MEMORABLE MAMMOTH MEETING

IN THE

MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

Five Thousand People Crowd that Magnificent Edifice to See and Hear
"Miss Booth in Rags."

THE BEST OF ORDER AND AN EXCELLENT SPIRIT PREVAILED THROUGH-
OUT THE MEETING—MISS BOOTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS A
HARPIST—COLONEL HIGGINS, FROM NEW YORK,
INTRODUCES HIMSELF—THREE HOURS
OF SMILES AND TEARS.

MOST MAGNIFICENT RECORD DUPLICATED! Such is the kernel of the numerous comments of the press and of everyone who was present at the grand gathering Sunday, May 28th, in the Massey Hall.

The immense crowd was exceedingly attentive to the masterly address of the Field Commissioner, who alternately moved that vast concourse to smiles and tears by the humorous and touching incidents recounted in her characteristic language. Yes, the recent lecture of Miss Booth in Rags, was a worthy competitor to the former record-breaker of November, 1897.

The unprecedented crush on the occasion of Miss Booth's first lecture "In Rags" resulted in the shutting out of fully five thousand people, among whom were many of our own soldiers who had walked long distances. Ever since that, the Commissioner's hall has brought requests to repeat that famous lecture, in order to afford those who had been unable to gain admission an opportunity to hear her shun experiences. Previous engagements and important business, however, prevented the granting of such requests until recently, when the date was finally fixed as Sunday, May 28th.

The best singer, without dispute, is experienced, and the lessons learned at that former occasion, when the crowd was simply beyond control, were not left unheeded; the crowd was managed excellently. In order to avoid disappointment only as many tickets had been printed as the hall contained seats, and none were sold on the day of the meeting. The admission was only nominal—five dollars, with this additional privilege: the holders of the temporary tickets, to be able to enter early by a side door. As an extra precaution the special entrance was opened nearly an hour before the time announced, as people began to come very early, and in this manner the accumulation of too large a crowd outside was avoided and every ticket-holder secured his seat. The hall was packed to the very top seat, and several hundred people who came late without tickets were unable to find admission. Even the platform was utilized, nearly every available seat being taken by the public.

The Preliminaries.

While the people filled into the hall in a steady stream, the well-known Staff Band, and the large pipe organ inundated by Bro. Sims, played suitable selections. Quite a flutter was caused by the advent of the Commissioner's little adopted family of three: children, too, dressed-in-white, squat and incongruously on the front of the platform.

Miss Booth entered the platform alone, dressed in her rags; a storm of applause greeted her, and spoke volumes for the esteem and affection which Toronto citizens in general, and the Toronto troops in particular, have for our brave leader.

Colonel Higgins, the genial Chief Secretary from "the other side," who



"I BELIEVES IN HER, I DOES; SHE DON'T JAW—SHE DOES!"

had come for a visit, gave out the first song:

"There is a Fountain filled with Blood."

This grand old hymn, to a grand old tune, was sung with new vim and with heart. The organ and piano, with the voices of innumerable worked by that stream, Staff-Capt. Manton and Colonel Jacobs prayed, and while on our knees we sang another of those tunes that shall live as long as the English tongue is spoken:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Colonel Higgins introduced himself in original and approved fashion. He announced that he came from the United States (applause), stating which he said might have required some apology. "For years back, but which has now become unnecessary, as the two countries were rapidly approaching each other. His name was Irish, but he did not know how far back it is since his ancestors left Ireland. He was an officer of 18 years standing, and had practically grown up with the movement. He deducted

from the immense audience present, and their happy faces, three things: (1) That the Army must be believed in in Toronto; (2) That Toronto must be interested in the work among and for the poor; (3) That Toronto does appreciate the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, and recognizes her excellence.

The first time he saw Miss Booth in rags it was not on a platform, but in the streets of London, when he met her quite accidentally, just as she was returning from one of her missions of mercy, clad in similar garb to that of to-night. It left upon his mind a lasting and profound impression. "Miss Booth in Rags," therefore, was not a lecture, but a memory, to him.

Mr. Major Hargrave was called up for a solo, and sang very appropriate words, "I have pleasure in His service," to the well-known tune, "Where is now the merry party?" The Field Commissioner accompanying on the harp and Capt. Arnold on the violin. To see Miss Booth as a harpist was certainly a surprise to all; a greater surprise was the excellent manner in which she played that Scriptural instrument, but the greatest surprise of all was the fact that she had

had practically only a few days in which to learn to play the same.

Miss Booth Speaks.

A favorite chorus of the Commissioner's, "O, I believe in her that sets me," was sung prefatory to the address of the evening. The very best attention was given throughout the lecture. It was not only a mere recount of incidents to amuse and to arouse sympathy, but there were interwoven with it continual appeals to personal sacrifice and exhortations to the practice of those qualities which lessen the misery of this world and foster the one great thing which this world stands in need of more than ever, love, for our neighbors, not the carnal love that abhors itself only in words and song, but a living power within that compels deeds—a sympathy that DOES.

Miss Booth, in vivid language, pictured to us first her little home in the slums, with its bare floor and the few pieces of simple furniture; her big Lieutenant who was at once her protector and a companion—though it seems that protection was never solicited by the Commissioner; she herself has given in her life the illustration that "perfect love casteth out fear." Of this disposition naturally, she has shown, in more than one emergency, a courage that could only have been born of Love Divine. In fact, the one text that seemed written across all the stories told in the Massey Hall was the one just quoted. In her lecture she took us down into the miserable cellars in which such a large percentage of London's poor are housed, and led us through the brilliant confusion of London street life at midnight, to the darker alleys, where we saw the two children from the cruel treatment of their father. Incidentally she denounced the drink traffic in small or big quantities, which is responsible for so much misery, robs children of their food, clothing, and drives multitudes into poverty and crime. Her denunciations were brief, but of such vehemence that the audience was carried away, and applauded freely.

We observe now a ripple of laughter—now a flutter of handkerchiefs to wipe away a tear, now a roar of laughter, as we listen to Miss Booth's first lesson in gynaecology, now again solo and tears, as she tells us of the matchless heroism of the poor crippled boy, who died to win an insurance for his starving mother and his smaller brothers and sisters.

It was a masterly address; it was a powerful appeal to each hearer. Who can estimate—not the passing emotions of the hour, or the unanimous sympathy of the huge crowd with the substance of the speech? The heart was strengthened, the consciousness quickened, the memories awakened, and the impressions left indelibly upon every mind, for nobody can leave a meeting of this description without having its lessons fastened upon his very conscience.

Action!

What Miss Booth most tried to impress upon every one present was the need of action. It formed the theme of one of the five sub-divisions of her speech. Action counts, actions only build our character, actions only help others. Well might old Joe say, when the Commissioner had scolded his room, made him some tea, and sang him a song, "I believes in her, I does; she don't jaw, she DOES!"

So let us all do the work of the day in the day, for soon the night is coming on, when no work can be done, when no amount of regret will atone for work left undone, and no tears will pay for love withheld.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

LISGAR ST.—Knee-drill at 6:30 a.m., mustered at 7 a.m.—Good day. Opened our Show St. Grove for the season. Grand meetings all day. Major and Mrs. Turner. Three souls at night, for which we praise God.—Sergt. Mrs. Stickells.

Nine in the Net.

HOULTON.—We are glad to report victory in meetings this week. The sun has surely been defeated. Sunday night nine men and women came to Jesus Christ and got saved. Eight raised their hands for prayer. We had a march round the barracks and expect big times in the near future.—Emily White, Corps Corp.

HALIFAX, I.—The Lord is helping us to go forward and do His will. Though we have not seen any souls lately at the Cross for salvation, we believe the Lord is at work by His Spirit. On Friday night two souls for the blessing of a clear heart.—Trans. Cushing.

OTTAWA.—We are still in active service. Bro. (drummer) and Sister Smith's baby dedicated by Adjutant Goodwin. Four precious souls have been saved. Sunday, Bro. and Sister Montgomery, with their little daughter, were with us. Mrs. Moore is from Waterloo corps. He has been near to death with the fever, but God is wonderfully helping him. Two of the souls mentioned above came to God on Sunday. We wound up the day with a grand jubilee time. Juniors to-day at Rockliffe Park.—Sergt. French.

A Good Stock of Faith.

BARRE, Vt.—Still fighting. One precious soul in the sin-cleansing Fountain. The people are beginning to realize that we Salvationists are getting quite numerous around here, for very often we will hear, "Well, there's another one," which makes us feel like shouting back, "Yes, praise God, there's going to be more of the same kind." Quite a number of the comrades have got new caps, and some of them, I fear, feel a little proud over them.—Zaccheus.

WINDSOR.—Again our hearts are made sad as we hear the striking news, "Farewell orders have come." It is true we have been expecting this announcement for some time past, but were hoping it would not come in the "status quo," yet, as true soldiers we say, "Lord, Thy will be done." Our dear officers have worked hard the eleven months they have been here. God has honored them in giving them precious souls. We are sure the dear comrades at Brantford will always find them a help in any time of need. I am pleased to say our hearts are open to welcome our dear officers.—Mrs. Little Wallis.

ST. JOHN III. is still running the race that leads out into the deep ocean of God's love. We are having great meetings, and precious souls are being saved from sin. Our Captain is a man of worth, and I am sure he is doing every nerve to build up the Kingdom of righteousness. We have been blessed this week with seeing four souls saved, and six for sanctification. We are having our barracks painted, the contractors being Captain McElheney and Lieut. Dunscomb, who have shown by their ingenuity as painters that an old building can be made new.—Cor. Wm. Marshall.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—The past two weeks God has blessed us. Five have come out for salvation. May God help them to prove true. By special request from people in town, Captain repeated the "Unveiling of the Rock of Ages." The meeting was largely attended, and a good collection realized.—M. R., Reg. Cor.

WATFORD.—The musical entertainment, given by the children on Wednesday night, was good. The dumb-

bell drills and recitations were enjoyed by all. Sunday, farewell meetings of Capt. Liston. Good open-air meeting and collection at night. We were encouraged by the presence of Rev. Mr. Ashdown. Victory is ours.—E. Collier.

Spreading Out!

PETROLIA.—God has been wonderfully blessing our meetings of late. One meeting per week is being held in the center of the town, in a snug little hall which has been kindly loaned to us for the purpose (gratis). The second meeting in the east end resulted in two precious souls crying for mercy. During last week eleven souls

RICHMOND ST.—Give in 2. Never. Not built that way. Souls? Yes, one sister gloriously gladdened. But the 12th inst., was a time. Our cousins, Lisgar, Lippincott and Riverside, with their brass, gave us an enjoyable band concert. The Juniors, with their drills, did a good thing. Capt. Arnold (old German fellow) he was encroached. Adjutant Stayton only limited the programme of the meeting, which was finished up with ice cream. Sunday night the renowned "Hubert Musical Family" brightened the meeting up.—Cadet N. R. Trickey.

came to God for pardon; four of the number were a mother and three sons. It was a grand sight to witness. We are confident of greater victories in the future.—W. J. Wakefield, Ensign.

RIDGETOWN.—Good meetings during the week. On Thursday night we had an ice cream social. Officers from Blenheim and Bothwell took part. Had a good crowd. Had Capt. Hancock with us for Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday night Capt. McCutcheon farewelled after a short stay of six weeks.—K. Watt.

Some Gracious Showers.

AURORA.—God is doing a work in Aurora. He has given us a week of victory. Sunday night eight precious souls sought salvation. Glory! Rejoicing in heaven, and rejoicing on earth. Thank God for a lot of praying soldiers.—Mulholland and Crego.

SEAFORTH.—Still the war goes on. The enemy is defeated and victory we claim. A real good, intelligent crowd attended the meeting on Sunday evening. Captain spoke on "Music," and gave some of his favorite solos on guitar and mandolin. One young man came to Jesus. Glory!—R. T.

LISTOWELL.—We are still on the war path in Listowell. Our D. O. Ensign, Orchard, and the warlords had us a visit last week, which was enjoyed by all. We say, "Come again, warriors!"—Sister Mathers.

MONTREAL, II.—We had a visit from Ensign Ward last week, and we had a nice time. A real good meeting we shall be pleased to see her again.—W. G. R. C.

Five Native Salvationists.

OMEMEE.—Sure it's myself that's pleased to tell you that they are having big meetings in the evenings, they had a pic-nic and other social on Thursday. I noticed quite a few strangers there, among them were Adjt. and Mrs. Wiggin, from Lindsay, also two lords of the Lindsay warriors, and best of all, there were five saved Indians. It did our hearts good to hear them sing, and sure the people were just delighted to

hear John Wesley and his good wife tell of the love of Jesus, and how they got converted. There was also present John Wesley's son Tom. There was one backslider came home on Saturday, and one sister at the foot of the Cross on Sunday.—R. C.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.—Oh, how my soul longeth for the manifestation of the power of almighty God! Like His servant of old, "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early; for when Thy judgments are in the earth, then the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." God is going to do mighty things because we have made our petition, and our God Who is faithful hath heard our cry.—Geo. Hudson, Capt.

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—We are in for victory, and we meant to have it. The weekly meetings have been a success, five souls coming to the Cross. God bless and keep them true to the Yellow, Red and Blue. Comrades all in good spirits.—R. S. C. C.

NEW WHATCOM.—God is with us. Splendid open-air. Attracted by the same, one backslider who has not been to S. A. meetings for over a year, volunteered on Sunday afternoon. God freely pardoned him. We mean to deal faithfully with the people. The fight is hard, but Jesus is strong.—W. W. Lacey, Capt.

A Visit from a Former O. O.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Praise God for victory through the past week. Thursday the meeting was led by Capt. McDonald and Lieut. Ihlson, of Kentville. Lieut. Ihlson gave a very interesting lesson on "How to Win." We were very much enjoyed by all. Our old friend, Ensign Graham, was also present. The meeting was followed by an ice cream social. On Friday, one soul out for sanctification. Ensign Graham and Capt. Jackson, of Halifax, led all day Sunday.—Treasurer McPhee.

PORT HOPE.—Saturday and Sunday we had us Ensign Parker. Sunday, good meetings all day. At night Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn farewelled. Though their stay in Port Hope has been very short, and we regret having to part so soon, yet we believe God to be their Father, and He will lead in the right path. During their stay here they have been a great blessing to us all. Many souls have sought and found salvation. Praise God! We all say, "God bless Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn!"—Annie, Cor.

God Come—Glory!

BROOKLYN.—We can report victory in Brooklyn. God is helping us, and I believe things are looking better. Since coming here we have been able to pay off the debt. Though Brooklyn is hard in many ways, yet we have a few good soldiers that we can depend upon.—Lieut. Paxton, for Capt. Weeks.

SOMERSET, Ber.—We are in for victory here. On Sunday God came very near and blessed us. We rejoiced in seeing four precious souls kneeling at the foot of the Cross. One was so anxious to get salvation that he can't remember over the seats. Hallelujah! We are still believing for greater victories.—C. E. Harrison.

LETHBRIDGE.—Since last report God has been blessing us by giving us three more precious souls for our laborers. On Sunday we welcomed Sergt.

Major and Mrs. Payne, late of Winnipeg corps. They have come to take up their abode here. We believe God will make them a blessing. We expect a big time on the 24th—A Hallelujah Wedding. Major is coming. Keep your eye on the lamb corps for future announcements.—Bert Reynolds, R. C.

BEAR RIVER.—Glory to God and the Lamb for ever and ever! Thank God this morning finds us nicely and wonderfully saved. We mean to be workers to the uttermost. We have too many ornaments already. Lord, give us more of the Blood-and-fire spirit, for we know quite well what will happen to the lukewarm. We shall not know defeat, for we have abandoned ourselves to God. I am there, friend, if Ensign Andrews comes within 50 miles of you, be sure you don't miss that most touching service entitled, "Father, come home." We are doing work for eternity in every meeting.—Ned.

Three Recruits Enrolled.

PARRY SOUND.—God is blessing us wonderfully. We have splendid meetings. Saturday evening we had an ice cream social. Everybody enjoyed themselves. On Sunday afternoon 3 soldiers were enrolled. At night our officers farewelled. We pray God will bless them. The first to enrol for the Lamb corps, and sought to all their hearts to win souls for His Kingdom. Capt. and Mrs. Hanna will take charge of the corps.—Mrs. H. Ferguson, R. C.

VICTORIA is still plotting on Saturday evenings. Every Thursday, we are looking forward to the convalesce to be held here for the officers of the Pacific Coast; also the 24th, which is a "few days' holiday" for Victoria. We expect great things.—M. L.

A Big Time.

ST. JOHN V.—This corps has had a hard struggle for some time, but every thing points to the dawning of better days. Capt. McElheney is at present working it with the assistance of Local Officers, in addition to his own corps No. III.—and several souls have been saved of late. Last Sunday Brigadier Pugmire decided to give them a lit, and did the afternoon and night meetings assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor and Ensign Purdon. Purdon's affairs were good, purporting attention to the Lamb corps. All collected, doubled, and one soul saved. Mrs. Taylor was stationed at this corps some years ago, and was glad to see old comrades still true to God. Ensign Turpin said "Good-bye" to the people of St. John, as he returns to Toronto. I. E. T.

CLARENVILLE.—Praise God we are still alive and having victory. On Sunday night we had the joy of presenting some precious souls to the Lamb of God. People all kind. Monday, visited Shafe Harbor; sold 18 War Crys and led a meeting.—S. M. Mercer, Captain.

MILLBROOK.—Sunday, farewell meetings, when Capt. DeWitt and Lieut. O'Neil said good-bye. One soul in the afternoon meeting in Millbrook on the 23rd. Their return we have a visit from our Peterboro braves, led by our worthy D. O. Adjt. Alkenhead, assisted by Capt. French. A grand musical pow-wow, with one young man for salvation. Lieut. O'Neil promoted Captain, and goes to take charge of Morrisburg. Capt. DeWitt to St. Johnsbury, Vt. We wish them a hearty God-speed.—Albert.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Seeing no one else reports us living or dead, our humble warrant will give another attempt. We have been in a special manner wonderfully blessed. Since last report Ensign Lester has rarefied, and Capt. Haas of Western Canada has followed. On Brigadier's last visit he prayed that God would send a Lieutenant along; his prayers are answered as there is a Lieutenant on the way. On Monday and Tuesday we had Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner on their farewell from the Province. Monday night was a rouser. Tuesday night a flier. On Monday Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner led the meeting. Tuesday night coffee social in honor of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner; little Ruthie capturing the hearts of our audience in her drill and practice and singing. Open-air beautiful. Public meetings well attended, collections fairly good. War Crys sold out. Capt. Haas hustling.—D. McDougall, for Capt. Haas.

Our Island Officers.

NOW SOME OF THEM GOT SAVED IN NEW-FOUNDRAND.

1.—Captain Sparks' First Solo.

I was a very little boy when I first started to serve God, and no doubt would have continued until now if I had had the privileges that the S. A. Juniors have at the present time. Very few people believed in children taking an active part in public meetings in my young days, so I got discouraged and wandered from the fold. A few years afterwards the S. A. opened first at my home, and from the start I felt they were right. I began to look in after my comfort, and there was the Godly influence of a father's life. I suppose my eagerness to get away from home, coupled with the natural aversion to all that is Godly, that is born in us, tended to make me more hardened in after years.

I remember how I used to get my men early so that I wouldn't be caught at prayer home, and the others of the family, while my father was working, I would be cursing because he was keeping me when I wanted to be off. I often went to church and barnacles before I was saved, but never felt seriously about my sins. In fact, I remember how I used to lay on my bed at night thinking about the future, and the only thing that troubled me about the judgment was that people would then know how I had been. I often dreamt of two individuals who had been severely injured, would find out what I had done to them. As far as I know, by looking back at the past, not a morsel of regret was ever felt by me, regarding the state of my soul, till the night I got converted. That event happened on the 1st of April, 1894. Jesus saved me, and I have been saved ever since. I have never lost my first love, but rather have clung to God day and night to have it intensified. Father's prayers have been answered.

II.—Captain Burry's Tale.

I first saw the Salvation Army in the spring of '86. I had just arrived at St. John's from the far west, the sea-faring, and with several of my shipmates managed to squeeze inside the door of the packed building.

The meeting was so different to anything I had seen before that I was really amazed.

The platform was full of people who appeared happy. This was one thing I could not understand, as I was under the false impression that religion was gloomy. I was very curious, but as I did not trouble to go again, while in the city, I soon forgot about them, until two girls, who had got saved at St. John's, came and started meetings at my home (Greenspond). Then my brother got saved, and I could see the change in his life; but, even then I didn't go to the meetings. One fine Sunday afternoon they came and got my father's consent to hold a meeting at our house. I stayed until the prayer was over, and then, along with several others, went out. Not being very well pleased with some things said in the meeting, I found fault. Of course, I, being rather conceited, thought myself somebody of importance, and didn't know but my words had a good deal of weight. Something, however, got hold of me which I could not shake off, so ever after that meeting I was a constant attendant at the Army.

The meetings properly started by a commissioned officer, and I continued to attend the meetings. God's Spirit took hold of me and convicted me of sin. I saw my lost condition, and felt I was the most wretched creature on the face of the earth.

One cold Thursday night, in February, I brought my sins and grief to Jesus, and He forgave me, and brought joy and gladness to my soul. That was over 12 years ago, but from that time I have striven to do His will. To this day I live more than ever. I am at the front of the fight spending my time and talents in His service, an I seeking to save others.

III.—Engel Bogg's Account.

When I first heard of the S. A. I did not have any great desire to hear them, but some of my relatives were brought to Christ through its instrumentality, and while visiting them I began to attend the meetings. One Sunday night an officer spoke to me about accepting Christ. I made some remark about it, and in great alarm, when a person referred to knelt near by and prayed for me. At once it dawned upon my mind that a stranger was in earnest about my salvation, and I was not in earnest myself. That brought me to the Cross; there my heart was broken, and I fully understood that Christ suffered for me on the cross. I soon received a very definite knowledge that my sins on earth were forgiven. Every subsequent gathering I attended found Jesus precious, and not one of His good promises have ever failed me.

After some months of solitaria, I applied for the work, was accepted, and I have spent many a happy year in living and fighting for Jesus. He

has enabled me to be faithful and has helped me to win many souls from darkness to light.

IV.—Captain J. Moore's Conversation.

I was brought at Carbonear, a thriving town on the shores of Conception Bay. My parents did all they could in looking after my comfort, and there was the Godly influence of a father's life. I suppose my eagerness to get away from home, coupled with the natural aversion to all that is Godly, that is born in us, tended to make me more hardened in after years.

I remember how I used to get my men early so that I wouldn't be caught at prayer home, and the others of the family, while my father was working, I would be cursing because he was keeping me when I wanted to be off. I often went to church and barnacles before I was saved, but never felt seriously about my sins. In fact, I remember how I used to lay on my bed at night thinking about the future, and the only thing that troubled me about the judgment was that people would then know how I had been. I often dreamt of two individuals who had been severely injured, would find out what I had done to them. As far as I know, by looking back at the past, not a morsel of regret was ever felt by me, regarding the state of my soul, till the night I got converted. That event happened on the 1st of April, 1894. Jesus saved me, and I have been saved ever since. I have never lost my first love, but rather have clung to God day and night to have it intensified. Father's prayers have been answered.

GO AFTER THEM.

A Backslider Followed up with Letters, Gets Saved 13,000 Miles Away from the Writer.

Catherine, the eldest daughter of the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, together with two of her sisters, takes a deep and practical interest in the Naval and Military League. Letters and War Crys are sent regularly by these three developing junior warriors to a number of naval and sailors, who, in turn, were supplied by Major Alain, the Secretary of the League. Among a number of interesting incidents re-counted by Miss Catherine Booth, we select the following:

"When we began sending Crys we had on our list the names of three backsliders. Two of the three have come back to God. Please pray for the one that is still unsaved.

Here is a letter from one of them:—"I always have the War Cry in my hands, and I always like to read them, and I always like to run away from God, which is to my sorrow. You would be surprised to know that I have read them in the stockholes many a time after I have come off watch."

Judge of our joy on receiving a letter from Adj't. Barrett (the General's Secretary), whom we had asked to look out for him, as he was on the Australian station, telling us that he was saved once more:—"I am at the front of the fight spending my time and talents in His service, an I seeking to save others.

"When we arrived in Auckland, I heard that a British vessel was in the harbor, and sent a message to the sailing master that we would be pleased to see them at the General's meetings. One came, and I got him near the front and waited until the General had finished speaking, when I went fishing and made him my first catch. Glory to God!"

"I asked him if he was saved. 'Yes,' he replied, 'thank God I am; but only a fortnight. I was a miserable backslider before.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'is your name —?' 'Yes,' he answered, his face brightening up all over. 'Who's been telling you about me?'

"'Someone who is very interested in you, thirteen thousand miles away—Miss Catherine Booth, and her sisters.' He then broke down completely in that emotional meeting when I told him and cried, and said, 'She has been very kind to me.'

"He opened his heart and told me all the story of his backsliding and shame, and how he had come back to God a fortnight before. I pressed him to get the blessing of a clean heart, and took him out to the penitent form. He met me again with his face beaming with joy."

PETER.

By F. R. B.

There is no other disciple of our Lord whose faults have been so prominently discussed in the Gospels as those of Peter, and doubtless many people, judging superficially, have considered him a changeable, impulsive, headstrong and cowardly man. That these charges are insupportable requires little more evidence than the statements contained in the Scriptures.

HE WAS IMPULSIVE—there is no mistaking about this—but after all, is impetuosity a fault? We see so much covering over, so much holding back, so much hypocrisy, that when we meet a man who is quick to speak out his convictions, it comes rather like a refreshing draught to our dull senses of observation. Whatever an impulsive man says or does we can, I think, reckon that it is his sincere conviction, and we must not be too hasty in that there is some unknown motive, or some hidden reservation in his mind. To my mind the very fact that the Bible brings out Peter's faults more prominently than others, goes to demonstrate that he was a strong character much appreciated by Jesus Christ. We find all the best characters of God's people in the Bible have been treated in the same way. God has most clearly exposed the sins of those He loves best, not to teach us with a view to curse us with sins, and to show that it is impossible to be without them, but more so for our encouragement to give us to understand that even His most powerful and trusted prophets were men like us, of flesh and blood, with like possibilities to fall; and for our example, that by their sins and the subsequent punishment of them, we might profit and avoid the similar errors.

Not a Coward.

PETER WAS COURAGEOUS. It has been said that he was a coward, but that is certainly a hasty conclusion. In the first place, Jesus chose Peter as His disciple, we read that he immediately left his ship and his net; he did not stop to bring up any objections, or advance any reasons why he should delay, or should go home first and see his friends, etc., like some of the other disciples.

Another instance. Once, when the disciples saw Christ approaching the storm-tossed ship, walking on the waves, they were afraid, until He said, "It is I, be not afraid." Was it not Peter who then said, "Bid me come to Thee"? And when he did this, he showed evidence of his boldness. When he was bid by the Saviour to step out on the waves, he did so without hesitation, and, even though he sank on account of distrust, yet he had shown certainly a great deal more courage than the remaining apostles.

Again we see this courage manifested in the garden. When the disciples fled and some only followed from afar, Peter stepped boldly forward and drew his sword in defense of Jesus.

At length, at the wish of Christ, it was certainly a manifestation of the courage of Peter. Then let us remember again the same night, when the others were hiding in the caves and the fields, Peter followed from afar—alas! it was only from afar—yet he did more than the others. We must not underestimate the courage required for Peter to follow right up into the very court of the High Priest. It is a very easy thing for us to call him a coward, because he fled from afar and deserted his Lord when pressed for a declaration, yet who of us would have done as much as Peter if we were placed in like circumstances? How many? He was only human; he was in imminent danger of torture and imprisonment; so far everything seemed lost; everybody seemed to have forsaken Jesus Christ; the resurrection had not yet taken place. It was an opportunity which he went for, he dared it, and, I say again, Peter was more courageous than other disciples, but his courage was qualified, human courage only.

Neither a Turncoat.

Peter is accused of being CHANGEABLE. He certainly acted very suspiciously under pressure, but, as we said before, he did so simply because he recklessly placed himself in positions where he had to change or suffer beyond human endurance.

We do not excuse his flinching on these occasions, but we say there are many people who are never changeable simply because they never venture; they are always dead certain their efforts are going to be successful, and if they are not quite sure about it, they do not attempt. This is so with the great majority; it is the average man, the matter of fact man; he does not require any faith, or trust, or goodness, or any other qualities, for anything he does. But that man who risks, who dares, who trusts, who throws all the energies of his soul into the one thing which he thinks is the right thing to do, he will meet with difficulties; he will meet with difficulties; of course he will over-estimate his strength and courage sometimes, and circumstances may force him to change, but on the whole he will accomplish more for God, and will gain more from his failures, and the world will gain more good from his mistakes than they will from the successes of the average man. I mean lasting good, that improves character and purifies the soul.

Then, the word changeable is very elastic and is often very glibly used by people when they cannot explain anything, and is a favorite phrase of those who wish to belittle others. Some people consider that to be consistent, one must stick to the one opinion, and the one course through life, even if one becomes convinced that one is wrong, and that his opinion is damaging to others. Such a course, strictly speaking, is not consistent with right, but is very inconsistent. Change of views and opinions within certain limits is as necessary to the health of the mind as a change of clothing is to the body. We should hold an opinion only as long as we are convinced it is correct and consistent with the demands of God. As long as we are convinced of this, we hold it, and the moment circumstances or experiences teach us otherwise it is consistent that we should accept such modifications in order to grow and develop. It is only in this way that the development of mind and strengthening of character is possible. This cannot be called changeableness, for such is an entirely different thing, it is a casting away of convictions and principles; for changeableness advises any course and any opinions which suit the fancy or personal advantage, and in such a sense Peter was never changeable.

In conclusion, we must judge Peter as Jesus Himself judged him, "Upon this rock will I build My church," the Master said. Not the learned Paul, not even the loving John, the disciple of His bosom, but Peter was chosen as the rock. Peter was the General that commanded the first corps of Salvationists in Liverpool; Peter kept a small crowd of converts together. Peter preached in the first open-air, when such a tremendous number were added to the Roll Call. Peter stood like an immovable rock at the Pentecostal Baptism, when the Holy Spirit had fired every fibre of his body, soul and spirit upon the great theme of Christ's life, the Salvation of Men.

Let us learn the lessons of Peter's life, and, like him, be impetuous in fulfilling the work which God has in store for us, and in deciding our own course. Live, work, and die for Christ, and avoid his mistakes; viz., boasting in our own strength, and lean only on the strong arm of Jehovah.

You cannot dream yourself into a character.

You must hammer and forge yourself one.

—Freud.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

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CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioners is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. G. S. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, and a small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Lord Provost of Dundee, Scotland, has invited 200 of the leading citizens to meet Mrs. Bramwell Booth, in the Municipal Parlor, to listen to an address from her on the Rescue Work. The proceeds will benefit the local Rescue Work. *****

The poultry section of the Farm Colony sent some birds for exhibition to a show in Belfast, with the following results:—With six entries, five different breeds took two first prizes, two second prizes, one reserve prize, one very highly commended. *****

The latest English Cry contains the following item: "Major and Mrs. Pickering have been farewelled with sincere regards both by officers, soldiers and comrades. May they be blessed in their new command as they have been here." ***** Their new command will be found in the *Colonel's Notes* this week. *****

Some idea of the large proportions of the Army in Great Britain may be gathered from the fact that in the latest Cry there are eight officers' marriages reported, 26 promotions, 212 appointments, and 12 deaths.

UNITED STATES.

The recent Staff Councils held in New York will be looked back upon as the dawning of a new era in the States. Every Staff Officer speaks enthusiastically of them. *****

The Army has lost a good friend of the Rescue Work in the death of Mr. James Lowe. The following appeared in a local paper: "In view of floral offerings, usually of the late Mr. Lowe, we sent \$50 to the Salvation Army's Rescue Home. To the envelope which contained the offering was attached a purple ribbon and a card on which was written: 'To our dear father. A last tribute to the cause nearest his heart.'—Annie, Mabel and Rosalind." *****

Major McIntyre, an old Canadian officer, whose Headquarters are at Buffalo, is now Brigadier. We congratulate him on behalf of his many friends. *****

The Consul was unable, on account of sickness, to be present at the Staff Councils. *****

Capt. and Mrs. Coote, recently transferred to the States, from Canada, have lost their darling Herbert. *****

Staff-Capt. Joe Ludgate is promoted Major. *****

"Joe the Turk" has been in jail again, and once more released. The case against him was dismissed. *****

GERMANY.

The German Self-Denial effort realizes nearly \$5,000. This is considerably in excess of last year's. *****

Commissioner McKie has been increasing his Garrison accommodation. He hopes, in July, to have the greatest number of Candidates in training that have yet been got together in Germany. *****

At Danzig, the landlord of our barracks—who is a publican, and has his beer-hall underneath our barracks—engaged a band of musicians during Self-Denial Week, and gave a free concert in his hall every night in the hope of attracting the people from our hall to his. The street was crowded with people listening to the music of the band and the singing in the advancing Army Hall, but when our hall was filled, the beer-hall remained empty. The Salvationists had very fine meetings. The devil overshot his mark on this occasion. *****

JAPAN.

Colonel Bailey recently conducted an international meeting in the Central Tabernacle, Hargo. This is the largest church building in Japan. About 700 persons were present, and great interest manifested. The collection was taken up at the end of the service. This collection is reported to have been taken up from such an audience at the Central Tabernacle. The Japanese papers give very sympathetic accounts of the meeting. *****

The Japanese soldiers are made of the right stuff. At Kasaka corps, the soldiers heard that a convert had backslidden, and of course the soldiers met together at the barracks to pray for the comrade's restoration. While they were praying, he passed by the barracks; they fetched him in and continued to pray for him. When open-air time came round, they marched him off to the open-air meeting, although he still continued impudent. Thinking, however, that he might try to give them the slip at the open-air, two comrades went to a neighborhood where they suspected he would come, and, sure enough, along came the backslidden, who reprimanded him and marched him to the barracks, where he was properly restored to the favor of God. *****

INDIA.

Brigadier Yuddha Bai and Ensigns Rupali Bai, Ullashi, and Euston Bharosa and wife left Bombay on May 20th, by the steamer "Bulawayo" for England. They are on a well-merited furlough. *****

The Village Banks in India are doing great work, as the following incident, which took place in the Rambukhama Division, shows: "A soldier, who is a member of the Bank, recently lost her husband, who was a terrible drunkard and gambler. Through his intemperance he was obliged to mortgage all his lands, which were valuable, for about 300 rupees, upon which he had to pay about three hundred per cent. interest. On his death the money-lender came to collect the sum, the wife knowing she had no money to meet the demand, and had also set on foot a scheme to prevent anyone in the village lending her the money to redeem the property, so that the money-lender would come in for the valuable property for the paltry sum of three hundred rupees. This would have meant ruin and starvation for the poor woman and her children. In the meantime the bank opened in this village, she became a member, borrowed the necessary amount from the Bank, redeemed her lands, and mortgaged the property to the Bank, which advanced her the money she needed at the rate of eight per cent." *****

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SWEDEN.

A large and beautiful house has been bought to be used for a Rescue Home. The price is 27,000 kr., which is to be paid by the 1st of October. *****

A wide-spreading chance of D. O.'s place in May, affecting several cities. Several new Districts were opened. *****

During the short time the Rescue Work has existed in Sweden, 700 girls have gone through the Homes, and 70 per cent. are satisfactory, many of them are saved and sanctified. *****

Preparations are being made for the Summer Congress, which will take place in the beginning of July. *****

A feast in honor of the General's birthday was held at Gothenburg, L. and Major Martin enrolled the General's Birthday Brigade, which consisted of 25 recruits. Great enthusiasm prevailed. *****

At the international farewell meeting in the Temple, seven Staff Officers, selected for India, Denmark and Finland, and seventeen Cadets got their first marching orders for the Swedish field. *****

NORWAY.

The Chief of the Staff held a large meeting for soldiers and recruits during his recent visit. *****

The S. A. Exhibition to be held in London will have a party from No. way. *****

FINLAND.

The Chief of the Staff has promoted Adjt. Forsblom to the rank of Staff-Captain. *****

The Headquarters' Sewing Society opened its sale of work in May. *****

BRITISH GUIANA.

Staff-Capt. Widgery conducted some very encouraging meetings on board the ships of the American Fleet which called at Barbados. *****

At Barbados there are thirty-three companies of Juniors, with an attendance of 250 children, and three Bands of Love. *****

Not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas A. Kempis.

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Nothing is impossible. There are ways which lead to everything, and if we had sufficient will we could always have sufficient means.—Rochefoucauld.

XXXXX

The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's. Is—not the fairest what were fair in life. Provided it could be; Then find how to make it fair—Up to our means—a very different thing. —Browning.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' VISIT TO SHERBROOKE.

I have been requested to write up a report for the War Cry re Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' visit. As it is not in my line of business you will have to excuse me if I do not fill the bill.

The meeting opened with a song from the Soldiers' Song Book, followed by prayer, singing and testimonies. The Lieut.-Colonel was introduced for the first time to a Sherbrooke audience by the D. O., who filled the chair admirably. As the Colonel remarked to the audience, he was under the protection of the ladies, so he had to be obedient. The Colonel sang, and the song was all right; it took the cake. The last from the Emerald Isle spoke, as did also Capt. Patten, Lieut. Burtt and others. The Colonel sang another solo, read a few verses from the Word, and then proceeded with his address. The meeting was very much appreciated, although there were no visible results in souls being saved. God was present and eternity no doubt will show some fruit of the meeting. Come again, Colonel.—X. C.

RECEPTION

Of Major and Mrs. Turner, and a Hallelujah Wedding at Lippincott St.

The newly-promoted Major and his wife were duly welcomed at an officers' council, at which I was privileged to be present on Wednesday afternoon. From the hearty testimonies that were given, I concluded that the officers were well saved and a spiritually healthy lot of men and women, and judging from their warm words of welcome, they evidently did not want very much persuading that Major and Mrs. Turner were the right people in the right place.

The Major and his wife each gave a welcome address, which went down like ice-cream on a hot day. Brigadier Gaskin piloted the meeting, and venture a few remarks in his characteristic style. Adj't. Forsblom had provided a nice seat for the officers, and we were favored with the presence of our devoted Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs. After the tea the Colonel duly and officially installed Major Turner in his official capacity, and enlarged upon his relationships to the Central Ontario Province.

The public meeting at night was rendered doubly interesting by the fact that in addition to it being the public reception to Major and Mrs. Turner, it was also the wedding of Miss Cleaver and John Shaw. The Chief Secretary conducted the proceedings in his usual up-to-date fashion.

113 YEARS.

Major Collier read a few verses of Scripture and commented thereon. Then came the Articles of Marriage, to which the bridegroom responded with energy, for they bounded to the front like a young man and maiden, and did not show any trace of being enfeebled by their united 113 years' journey through life's highway. The speeches which followed were truly interesting and instructive. They were large and easily relished by the very large audience, which applauded to their hearts' content.

Then came the public reception of our new Chancellors, the Colonels, in an energetic terms of the spirit and work of our dear comrades. Mrs. Turner spoke from her heart in shall I say, a truly womanly style. The Major's address was humorous, ancient and modern, dealt with the past and prospected the future, and was A. 1 from every point of view.

Brigadier Gaskin, the P. O., welcomed the Major and his wife on behalf of the Central Ontario Province in a vigorous speech.

I will stop now and refrain from speaking about the hearty hand-shakes received by the bridal pair and the new Chancellors, from many admiring friends, and will only leave you to guess how very appetizing was the ice-cream after a hot and crowded meeting.—An Old-Time Soldier.

Three Years' Work

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WOMEN'S RESCUE WORK IN THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

Major Teetzel Presides—Ministers of Four Denominations Speak of the Work—Influential Gathering—Deep Interest—Practical Sympathy.

THE third anniversary of the inauguration of our Rescue work in Hamilton was held in the S. A. Citadel on the 20th and 21st of May. It was by far the most important and influential gathering that has ever taken place in connection with the Rescue Work in that city.

Saturday night was announced as a "gathering of the women Social Secretary, Brigadier Major Teetzel, and her supporters, Major Stewart and Capt. Euston, and the good crowd of soldiers and friends present extended a most hearty welcome.

Adjutant Moore expressed a warm welcome to the visitors, after which Mrs. Read took hold of the meeting, and, although far from well, so threw her whole soul into it that a lasting impression must have been made on the mind and hearts of those who listened to her words.

Euston Fletcher sang a solo, and in his usual frank way expressed his pleasure at the presence of the visitors, also referring to the life of the late Brigadier Read. Major Stewart and Captain Euston added a few words of personal testimony and earnest appeal. Everything seemed favorable for our Sunday meeting, but nevertheless was all that could be desired and a gaudy number gathered for breakfast, and were refreshed and strengthened for the battle of the day.

The Holliness meeting was also a blessed day of inspiration. Captain Euston and Euston Fletcher sang. Major Stewart spoke, and Mrs. Read took for her subject "Conservation," speaking from the words, "Ye shall receive power" making it very clear to the minds of those present what was meant by the text, and urging them then and there to comply with the conditions.

The Social Gathering.

Our anniversary proper was the Sunday afternoon meeting, and the burning words spoken by those who took part will long be remembered by all who were present.

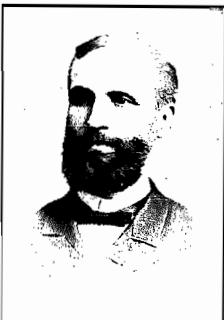
Major Teetzel presided at this gathering. When His Worship and Mrs. Teetzel, Rev. Mr. Read, Dr. Governor Ogilvie, and a number of the city ministers took their places on the platform, a splendid crowd filled the Citadel. Many leading citizens and philanthropic workers were present, while the attentive audience stayed on for two hours with unabated interest.



Major Teetzel, Hamilton.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus," was sung out by Adjutant Moore, and sang heartily by the congregation. Rev. Mr. Gould led in prayer. The Mayor rose to his feet, and after the volley and applause of greeting had somewhat subsided, commended in the highest terms the work done by the S. A., saying "that among all the philanthropic schemes set on foot during this century, he considered none of more value than that originated by General Booth. He referred to the great Social Meeting lately held in the

Mansion House, and said whereas the Army was once derided by rich and poor, it was now recognized by all classes. For himself, he felt that Hamilton could not do without the Army, and would use his influence to get a larger grant for support of hospitals, etc., and so forth. He then called upon Mrs. Read, who, thinking the chairman heartily for the warm words of commendation he had just spoken, proceeded to explain the character of the work carried on by the Women's Social Department in the Dominion. Mrs. Read gave many incidents proving the need of this work, and then spoke of the Army answering the question, "Do these institutions make the way of evils easier?" Mrs. Read also gave the report of the three years' work, and concluded by thanking the citizens in the name of the Committee for the liberal support given Adjt. Jordan, and continued to the new Matron, Euston Kerr.



Rev. Dr. Beavis, Pastor Congregational Church, Hamilton.

Rev. Mr. Beavis, a friend of the Army in this city, was the next speaker. Although he could not be a Salvationist himself, he much appreciated the work the Army did. Many years ago, when others ridiculed, he said, "You just wait, and see." The day has come when all is changed, and the Army is doing a work which no one can do. He had watched and studied the different phases of the work, and saw how they were owned and blessed of God. While political economists were talking of what ought to be done, the S. A. had taken hold of the problem and had been doing something.

Governor Ogilvie,

of the County Jail, was next called upon. He commenced by asking if it were necessary for citizens to support such a Home? He considered that some time ago when he had his doubts about the utility of the Army work, he went to Toronto, looked into and examined the work there, and satisfied himself that the institutions were well and systematically managed, by good, trained and tested officers, who had given themselves to the work. He had no doubt now, whatever of the work being beneficial, and considered it cheapened, even, from an economical standpoint, to care for these people in this way, than pay for their maintenance in Government institutions. He felt that these people could not have better influence thrown upon them than at the Army Homes. The Governor then quoted unimpassable statistics, showing that in 1887 and 1888 there were 332 women and 46 girls confined in the Jail. In 1889 and 1890 there were but 132 women and 23 girls. For this he had been looking around for causes, and attributes it to the faithful work done by the Army and other like workers. "I want to say this before taking my seat," he continued, "that the reasoning of that one character referred to by Mrs. Read, so well-known to almost everyone in the city, and to the authorities, is perfectly sound to the citizens, even cost them." (Applause.)

The chairman rose at this juncture and asked for a collection to aid the work. He said, "This is a paying investment, and everyone should invest all they can spare in it."

H. J. Ithes, Evangelist, sang "To Jesus I will go, Who will pardon all my woe," while a liberal offering was taken up.

Rev. Mr. Emerson expressed his sat-

isfaction at seeing the Chief Magistrate of the city in the chair, and he was glad to know that while Mayor Teetzel was so interested in having good roads all over the city, he was also interested in the moral road his people travel. The S. A. is a road leading people up from the lowest condition to higher ground.

He was interested in the Resene Home, for he lived near the Home, and was familiar with the work done. He has been interested in the S. A. ever since first hearing the General, many years ago. The S. A. had quick hearing. They heard the word many years ago, "This is work."

Rev. Mr. Jordan, Presbyterian, was very much interested in work done by social institutions. He thought it was the work of good Samaritans. Hoped himself to be a Captain, or something higher, some day. Prayed the day might never come when the Army would get too high for the work entrusted to them.

Rev. W. F. Wilson, Methodist, the speaker, made use of the few moments left him to utter forth a volley of shot and shell, that awoke all present to a fuller consciousness of the crying need of this city, for more Resene work. He believed in the Army and in the principles which governed its institutions. While he had no patience with men who made Resene Homes a necessity, still he thanked God that something was done for the victims.

He assumed the Army would then fill their God-given position the best, wisest, and most honored of every hand would be at their back.

The splendid gathering dispersed at five o'clock. Hamilton's press is always generous to the Army, and each paper gave glowing reports.

Salvation Service.

On Sunday night we had with us the Evangels, Mr. Read and Mr. Ithes, who added very materially to the interest of the meeting. Major Stewart spoke of her entire consecration to the interests of the Kingdom, and her delight in the will of God. Capt. Euston and Capt. Heft sang solos, after which Mrs. Read took up the subject of the evening, "Profit and Loss," and spoke from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!" She carried her audience with her, and taught them to sing in the realms of eternity in such a way that none could leave that meeting as careless as they entered. The presence of God was with us all through the Anniversary gatherings, and eternity alone will reveal the work accomplished.

Moncton's Anniversary.

Brigadier Pugmire sends us the following clipping from a Moncton newspaper:

"The Moncton Corps of the Salvation Army fittingly celebrated its fourteenth anniversary yesterday. In addition to a number of district officers from the surrounding corps, there were present Brigadier Pugmire, and Staff-Captain Taylor, of St. John, who had charge of the services of the day. These two officers were met at the depot by the local Salvation Army band, on the arrival of the Moncton corps, from Fredericton, and escorted them to the barracks. An open-air meeting was held at the corner of Main and Roblinson streets in the afternoon, and another service held in the barracks in the evening, both led by Brigadier Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Captain Taylor. At the close of the evening service a sale of ice cream took place in the hall. The services were well attended, and the celebration was very successful. The local band, which deserves praise for its work, considering the short time it had been in existence, was in evidence during the day, at the hall and in the barracks."

If you would be pungent, be brief: for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn."—Southey.

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Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years. Meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherublin.



Sister Mrs. Christoe

Promoted from Millbrook Corps to a Mansion Home.

We extend the sympathy of the corps and surrounding community to Bro. James Christoe and his three little ones in their sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that our heavenly Father may cheer their lonesome home.

About three weeks previous to her death Mrs. Christoe had the joy of knowing that her three little ones—Alice, May and Maud—had come out to our public pentent form and confessed Christ as their personal Saviour.

Mrs. Christoe underwent an operation, and on Sunday, when we came in off the march we heard that during the morning her spirit had fled to Jesus.

Mrs. Christoe was converted under Capt. Magee, her husband under Captain Downey and Jones.

On Wednesday we met at the house to pay our last token of respect to our dear comrade. We went from there to the grave, and as we saw the coffin gently lowered in mother earth, we realized all was over till we met at the grand Roll Call.—Albert Homan.

Snaredrummer Eddie Peacock, Of Peterboro Corps. Promoted to Glory.

Twenty Souls at His Memorial Service—His Father Leads the Way.

God, in His love and wisdom, has taken from our ranks below, to swell the hosts above, one of the members of the Peterboro band, Eddie Peacock. For a number of years he has been the snare drummer. He was converted when a mere child.

Some months ago he became ill and was taken to the hospital with what seemed to be fever. His mother came to Peterboro, the family having removed to that place a month previously, to grieve him all the more if he could. He rallied enough to be taken home, but never fully recovered, and on Saturday, May 31st, at 1 p.m., his spirit went to be with God. His body was brought on to Peterboro Saturday evening, and on Sunday his funeral took place.

After the afternoon meeting the corps marched on to Sergt.-Major Brantford's, where a service was held. Hundreds had gathered and attended tearfully to sing and testify. A service was also held around the grave, and as Band-Sergt. Brooks and Sergt.-Major Comstock spoke of the life of our young comrade hearts were moved and when the crowd that surrounded the grave was asked to raise their hands, if they determined, with God's help, to meet him in heaven, a large number responded. In the evening a number of services were held in the barracks. Several comrades spoke feelingly of his life, and at the close 20 souls—Seniors and Juniors—came to the pentent form. Eddie's father was the first to respond to the invitation. On the question being asked, "Who will volunteer to take Eddie's place?" his father rose and said, "I will take his place."

During his illness he often conversed with his mother and the officers of the Aurora corps concerning his son's condition, and always had a bright testimony. He was delighted when he heard of his elder brother's conversion a few months ago in Peterboro.

He sent his dying message to some of his young comrades in Peterboro, asking them to give their hearts to God, while one of them did at his memorial service, saying in his testimony he was going to meet Eddie in Heaven.—Adjt. Alkenhead.

Hustlers' Rendezvous

SOUTHALL, ON ARAB, STILL IN FRONT.

Positions Remain as Usual.

MAJOR MCMLIAN PULLING UP WELL

When Will Nigger's Day Come Round Again?

A FEW NOTELETS.

1. Will Nigger ever earn his oats again?

2. Is Arab to remain for ever unbroken?

3. Can it be possible that Mag will always be just a few steps behind Arab?

4. Is it possible to beat Capt. Hellman's sale of 270?

5. Has Major McMillan hopes of winning that medal?

6. Will any one boomer dare slacken speed because of the hot weather?

(How would "NO" do for an answer to catch question? If you don't like it that way, try "YES"; and if you don't like it then, why just put your own answer.)

xxxxx

I'm not saying a word about one or two things. I will bye-and-bye. I'm just waiting and watching. From the tower here I can see a long way, and a great many things, too. Don't you make a mistake. I know a thing or two about a few people. I'll let you when I think it advisable.

xxxxx



"Oft in the still night," or, how Brigadier Gaskin's dreams are disturbed since he lost his laurels. Will he not heed the long call?

xxxxx

Capt. Thompson, of Campbellton, N.B., informs me that "people like the Cry around here, from the Mayor down." Well, of course they do. I lay myself open to the charge of self-praise, I know, but I must say in all sincerity, that, as a religious weekly, the War Cry has no superior.

xxxxx

My esteemed comrade, P. S. M. Bell, of St. Catharines, is alive yet. He intends bringing the Garden City into prominence, if I mistake not. A rise of 15 is healthy, and speaks for itself. St. Kito, can you do any better?

xxxxx

What's the matter with this suggestion? Why can't our brave P. S. M.'s arrange a little council with the Sermonettes? I am sure they would have a few words and throw out a few hints on War Cry selling, etc.; then a little prayer, and, lastly, pass around the oranges, etc., not forgetting the ice cream. Try it.

xxxxx

Once more hats off to Capt. Hellman, the Champion Hustler of the Territory. Where's the West all this time? I understand they could get ahead of anybody. Can they?

xxxxx

Notelets.

Major McMillan, of Winnipeg, has a good boomers' list this week.

Capt. McNaury, a boomer from East Ontario, is on rest for a while.

The special Boomers' Cry is still in the near future.

You haven't got to be a commissioned Sergeant in order to sell War Crys. A convert can get to work at it.

This is poetry:-

War Cry for me,
Let me never be without it;
War Cry for me,
That's the way I feel.

Mother Lewis, a veteran Montreal I. boomer, is unable to get at her loved work. Sympathy from me, Mother.

Where are Hamilton I. boomers this week?

Watch Balgader Howell's list. How it grows!

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford ... 270

MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock ... 223

LIEUT. FIFIE, Clutton ... 123

ENSIGN OTTAWAY, Guelph ... 192

CAPT. GIBSON, Sarnia ... 100

MRS. ADJT. HUGHES, Stratford ... 100

Lieut. Carr, Windsor ... 94

Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg ... 88

S.M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham ... 88

Lieut. Horwood, Petrolia ... 85

Capt. Hodlinnett, Stratroy ... 80

Sister G. Yeomans, Chatham ... 80

Ensign Scott, Galt ... 75

Lieut. Burrows, Wallaceburg ... 73

Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas ... 73

Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas ... 70

Lieut. Sitzer, Dresden ... 68

Miss Community, Sarnia ... 65

Capt. D. Bond, Wingham ... 63

Capt. Carley, Ridgeway ... 62

Capt. Gao, Guelph ... 62

Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll ... 60

Lieut. Ringler, Wyomissing ... 60

Caud. Wilfong, Hespeler ... 60

Sister Foster, Petrolia ... 58

Sister Schmidt, Petrolia ... 55

Sgt. Major Allan, Mitchell ... 54

Sgt. Brindley, Goderich ... 50

Lieut. Smith, Galt ... 45

Capt. Jones, Montreal ... 45

Sister McCullough, Brantford ... 44

Lieut. Thompson, Sarnia ... 44

Aunti Wright, Ingersoll ... 43

Sgt. M. Ross, Goderich ... 42

Capt. Rees, Norwell ... 41

Capt. Pynn, Palmerston ... 40

Sister Dearing, Hespeler ... 40

Sister Liebkoop, Lemingburg ... 38

Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg ... 35

Sgt. Graham, Thanesville ... 35

Capt. McDonald, Brantford ... 34

Capt. Liston, Galt ... 33

Sgt. Shuster, Berlin ... 32

Sister L. Bond, Ingersoll ... 30

Luskin Green, Simeoce ... 30

Sgt. Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll ... 30

Sister Milton, Stratroy ... 30

Capt. McCleheon, Ridgeway ... 30

Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor ... 30

Capt. Haby, Bayfield ... 30

Adjt. Coombs, Brantford ... 30

Ensign McKenzie, Berlin ... 30

P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll ... 30

Capt. Keefer, Sarnia ... 27

Capt. G. Bond, Simeoce ... 27

Lieut. Hodgeson, Goderich ... 27

Sgt. Bradwell, Kingsville ... 20

Lieut. Mumford, Listowel ... 20

Lieut. Jordinson, Essex ... 25

Capt. Mathers, Listowel ... 24

Mrs. Capt. Huntingdon, Blethenham ... 21

Sister Coppins, St. Thomas ... 21

Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg ... 21

Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Berlin ... 21

Bro. Chisholm, Palmerston ... 20

Lieut. Howlett, Goderich ... 20

Mrs. Smith, Tilsonburg ... 20

Edna Quick, St. Thomas ... 20

Mrs. McRoy, St. Thomas ... 20

Carry McLean, St. Thomas ... 20

Mr. G. Green, Chatham ... 20

Capt. G. Bond, Chatham ... 20

Sister Routhillard, Chatham ... 20

Sister A. Hiltz, Blethenham ... 20

Mrs. Steel, Petrolia ... 20

Sgt. Major Howlett, Petrolia ... 20

Mrs. Cutting, Essex ... 20

Capt. Dowell, Essex ... 20

Mrs. McCaffery, Essex ... 20

Mrs. Laird, Essex ... 20

Lieut. Crawford, Bayfield ... 20

Capt. Stote, Hespeler ... 20

Sgt. Major Rose, Hespeler ... 20

Ensign McHarg, Windsor ... 20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.

LIEUT. BROOKETS, Ottawa ... 132

CAPT. LALONDE, St. Johnsbury ... 131

SERGT. DUDLEY, Ottawa ... 115

CAPT. CONNORS, Arnprior ... 110

S.M. PERKINS, Barre ... 110

LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans ... 106

SISTER JENNIE BLOSS, Penbrook ... 106

Ensign McNaury, Collingwood ... 103

CAPT. WILSON, Newport ... 103

Capt. French, Peterborough ... 103

S.M. Symonds, Kingston ... 93

Capt. Williams, St. Albans ... 86

Lieut. Butcher, Cornwall ... 85

Adjt. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke ... 80

Lieut. Williams, Kemptonville ... 75

Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa ... 75

Lieut. Almark, Brockville ... 75

Capt. O'Neill, Morrisburg ... 70

Ensign Stalger, Belleville ... 69

Capt. Norman, Napavine ... 69

Capt. Green, Tweed ... 61

Capt. G. Bond, Belgrave ... 61

Capt. Clegg, Gananoque ... 63

Sgt. Rogers, Montreal I. ... 58

Lieut. Woods, Napavine ... 55

Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew ... 55

Capt. Finlay, Bloomfield ... 50

Capt. Brown, Perth ... 50

Capt. Nyland, Odessa ... 50

Sister Bushey, Burlington ... 50

Sgt. Riches, Montreal IV. ... 50

Capt. McLean, Petrolia ... 50

Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakefield ... 50

Lieut. Hickman, Prescott ... 48

Capt. Patten, Coaticook ... 48

Sister Grace Hudgings, Picton ... 47

Sister Lydia Phelps, Picton ... 47

Lieut. Randall, Belleville ... 47

Lieut. Carter, Trenton ... 44

Capt. Beauchamp, Deseronto ... 44

Capt. Grose, Brighton ... 43

Capt. Downey, Montreal II. ... 40

Capt. Sleath, Prescott ... 39

Capt. Crego, Trenton ... 39

Adjt. Blackburn, Port Hope ... 35

Sgt. Dine, Kingston ... 28

Capt. Crozier, Montreal I. ... 30

Capt. Crozier, Montreal II. ... 30

Sgt. M. M. Miller, Cornwall ... 30

Capt. Clegg, Campbellford ... 30

Sister Mrs. Stevenson, Peterborough ... 25

Capt. G. Bond, Cobourg ... 24

Sister Mrs. Winters, Peterborough ... 24

Lieut. Young, Burlington ... 24

J. S. M. Thomson, Port Hope ... 24

Sister Darling, Port Hope ... 24

Capt. Heuries, Barre ... 24

Capt. Brindley, Campbellford ... 24

Sister Mrs. Stevenson, Peterborough ... 24

Capt. G. Bond, Cobourg ... 24

Sgt. McNaury, Kingston ... 24

Sister Nellie Brown, Montreal ... 23

Capt. Weir, Montreal ... 20

Capt. McLean, Galt ... 20

Capt. Chisholm, Montreal ... 20

Ensign Young, Tilsonburg ... 20

Sister Lucy Harker, Cornwall ... 20

Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg ... 20

Dad Duquette, Trenton ... 20

Capt. Hersey, Barre ... 20

Capt. Fell, Thanesville ... 21

Capt. Chisholm, Palmerston ... 21

Ensign Orchard, Palmeton ... 20

Lieut. Baird, Thedford ... 20

Lieut. Winters, Bothwell ... 20

Capt. Bonny, Bothwell ... 20

Sister White, Walkerton ... 20

Mrs. Loft, Brussels ... 20

Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter ... 20

Mrs. Smith, Tilsonburg ... 20

Edna Quick, St. Thomas ... 20

Mrs. McRoy, St. Thomas ... 20

Carry McLean, St. Thomas ... 20

Mr. G. Green, Chatham ... 20

Sister Routhillard, Chatham ... 20

Sister A. Hiltz, Blethenham ... 20

Mrs. Steel, Petrolia ... 20

Sgt. Major Howlett, Petrolia ... 20

Mrs. Cutting, Essex ... 20

Capt. Dowell, Essex ... 20

Mrs. McCaffery, Essex ... 20

Mrs. Laird, Essex ... 20

Lieut. Crawford, Bayfield ... 20

Capt. Stote, Hespeler ... 20

Capt. St. John, Berlin ... 20

Capt. G. Bond, Chatham ... 20

A Good Shepherd:

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

CHAPTER IV.

Lieut. Morris, Revelstoke	75
Sister Davidson, New Westminster	45
Capt. Scott, Spokane	57
Eusign Ziebarth, New Westminster	53
Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	53
Capt. Perrenoud, Nanaimo	54
Capt. Ziebarth, Kalspell	52
Capt. Theo. Spokane	52
Capt. Bryan, Missoula	51
Capt. Quinn, Tracy	50
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	49
Lieut. Ziebarth, Kalspell	49
Lieut. Carstens, Wallace	48
Lieut. Floyd, Missoula	45
Lieut. Long, Dillon	42
Lieut. I. Galt, Bozeman	42
Sister Powell, New Whatcom	41
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	39
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35
Sister Berry, New Whatcom	32
Capt. Sherrill, Spokane	30
Lieut. Jones, Mt. Vernon	28
Sergt. Glen, Holman	28
Capt. Jack, Lacey, New Whatcom	27
Ensign Stevens, Spokane	24
Capt. Miller, Sheridan	25
Sister Carter, Butte	23
Sister Wallender, Rossland	23
Capt. Myers, Anacinda	25
Sister Mann, Vancouver	25
Lieut. Galt, Gold Belt	23
Capt. Soule, Gold Belt	22
Capt. Meredith, Belt	20
Lieut. Smith, Rossland	20
Sister White, Nannimoo	20
Capt. Bonnette, Spokane	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

43 Husslers.

CADET POTTER, Winnipeg	150
Lieut. Lloyd, Fort William	98
Capt. Hurst, Jimtown	99
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	75
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary	70
Ensign Dean, Calgary	70
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	69
Lieut. Clark, Larimore	69
Mrs. Bergum, Grafton	59
Madge Burness, Brandon	58
Lieut. Haugen, Edmonton	58
Mrs. Capt. Hartshorne, Port Arthur	51
Cadet McLeod, Moose Jaw	50
Capt. Brander, Morden	48
Lieut. Nichol, Lethbridge	48
Lieut. Woodworth, Moosejaw	49
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	45
Sam Crosswell, Valley City	45
Frank Rodgers, Regina	45
Sergt. Bergum, Grafton	45
Sergt. S. Chapman, Winnipeg	35
Lieut. Bland, Minnedosa	35
Capt. Stokess, Carberry	35
Lieut. Askin, Virden	34
Capt. Cromarty, Onakes	34
Capt. Penrice, Edmonton	33
Capt. Galt, Gold Belt	30
Capt. Malyon, Valley City	30
Lieut. Emberton, Emerson	28
Capt. Nuttle, Portage la Prairie	28
Sister Cusiter, Portage la Prairie	28
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Portage la Prairie	28
Lieut. Wilcox, Morden	26
Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk	25
Lieut. N. Anderson, Okies	24
Capt. Forsberg, Grafton	22
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	21
Sergt. L. Johnson, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Myers, Bismarck	20
Lieut. Leawick, Minot	20
Capt. Merer, Lisbou	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

9 Husslers.

Sergt. Litton, St. John I	50
Sergt. M. Harris, St. John I	30
Cadet W. Hendon, St. John I	30
Cadet W. Webster, St. John I	30
Cadet Follett, St. John I	23
Capt. Mercer, Clareville	23
Cadet C. Reader, St. John I	20
Sergt. P. Thistle, St. John I	20
Sergt. Childs, St. John I	20

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Adjt. McGill, of the Salvation Army, has six men engaged in cutting firewood on the hill opposite Dawson, and is one way in which he provides for the unemployed men, and philanthropic people can assist him in the work by giving him orders for wood. It is all cut into stove length and split ready for burning. The Adjutant has had excellent success with his employment bureau scheme, instituted a few weeks ago. 80 applications for employment have been received by him, and he has found places for 34, the last one getting a good position on Sulphur.

—From the Klondike Nugget.

Dear Sir, In my duty as a shepherd, I think I have mentioned before that from the middle of May till the middle of October, I am troubled very much with the maggots on the sheep skins. This is owing to the nasty, yucky old wool the sheep has on their backs, which stinks. The flies smell it, and so they lay their eggs in those places, and in a few hours these eggs are turned into maggots, and if these are not destroyed, in three days the sheep is eaten to death. Sometimes, in stormy weather, there will be thirty or forty such sheep in one day among 500, and so you may think that I have to watch my sheep very closely in order to keep them from being eaten up.

I must pass on to the end of May. Then comes the sheep-washing, which is a very tiresome work for the poor shepherd, as he has to be up very early in the morning to get all the sheep to the wash-pond by the time that the other men come to work, or by the time that they are ready to commence washing.

Would to God that all human sheep were willing to be washed in the precious Blood of Christ! What rejoicing there would be among the angels in Heaven!

I may mention that, between the washing and the shearing, the maggots is more busy than at any other time; and it is just the same with the hawks. As the hawks are the woman's devils, his on her heart to God, the devil attacks them in a determined manner; but as soon as they are sheared, or, in other words, as soon as they have consecrated themselves wholly to God, the devil hasn't got anywhere to lay his eggs in. In other words, as soon as the human sheep turns his back on the edge of the fold, and starts off with a determined step to the middle of the fold, keeping the whole heart and soul entirely of God, that makes the devil scratch his head, because that is the way to give him a good thrashing.

I must pass on the sheep-shearing, which is a very important operation, and one that is looked forward to for some time by the shepherd, as it takes a heavy burden off his mind. Because, after the old coat is taken off, there is no more trouble, nor is there any more trouble, to lay his eggs in. But still the shepherd has no chance to boast over one victory, because there is another battle close at his heels. So it may be with a good Captain of the Salvation Army, who, by his loving and valiant conduct in his station, has won the parents and brought them out of bondage, and into the fold of Christ, where the devil has no more power over them. But then the woman should say, "If I have lost you, I will have a lot at your children, and I will work in them till I can get you back again!"

It is much the same with the poor shepherd, for as sure as the sheep are shorn, and the maggots-flies cannot do anything with them, they will attack the lambs, and so he is worried with this trouble in the lambs till the weaning time. When the lambs are weaned, they are sheared in a lot of sulphur and arsenic and other ingredients, that these flies do not like, and by this means the shepherd is freed from his trouble for a little while. But no sooner are the lambs all right than the sheep's wool is grown again, so that the flies make another attack upon them.

I may mention that there is a difference between the human sheep and the natural sheep as regards shearing. The natural sheep are only shorn once a year, but, thank God, most of the human sheep of the Salvation Army have a shearing time twice a week—Friday nights and Sunday mornings—when, if there is a lot of the old wool remaining belonging to the devil, the Great Shearer is willing to eat it off, if he is so bold as to do with it.

There are some of the natural flock that never get maggots at all. They are those who are born with pure skins, for when the skin is pure the wool that grows through the pure skin is pure also, and these flies will have nothing to do with that which is pure and sweet.

CHAPTER V.

Sometimes I have a sheep or a lamb that I find struck with these flies every morning, perhaps, for a week. At this time I keep applying the lotion to kill them, they are free from skin, by their eggs in and I may sometimes suppose that the maggots will pick your bones in spite of all my efforts to stop them." Still, they have to be followed up from day to day, till, bye-bye, the shepherd gains the victory, and the fly leaves that sheep; but not without leaving a mark behind that causes him a lot of trouble, as, where they keep gnawing the sheep's skin till after the lamb is born, this is a sore place to them, according to where they are, as where I cannot reach to scratch it with my teeth, and this has a deadly poison—the skin turns rotten, and the wool and rotted skin comes off, leaving a great sore place, and, this being in the heat of summer, the smaller sort of flies pitch on it and tease the poor sheep fearfully. They either scratch those sore places or bite them, according to where they are, as where I cannot reach to scratch it with my teeth, and this has a sore place for months. But it is not only one like this that the shepherd has to see after out of, perhaps, 600 sheep that he has under his care. Sometimes he has forty with sore places on them that have to be dressed every day, besides thirty or forty maggots ones that have to be attended to, and perhaps forty or fifty lame ones to dress. Out of the hundred beasts that are under his charge, perhaps some have broken through the fence into another farmer's field, or perhaps into his own corn fields; or perhaps two or three of the lots of beasts have to be moved from field to field, and have to be driven through fields where other beasts are, and, of course this cannot be done without getting them mixed together, and if so, the shepherd and his dog have to part them. This is another trouble, I should like to bring before you with regard to my duties, and that is a very important one. I have told you about the fly striking the sheep, but I have not fully explained to you how very careful the shepherd has to be in examining the sheep, because if there is one that is overlooked, we will say to day, that has a bunch of maggots in it that bunch will keep gnawing at the skin of the sheep, and, in the morning there will be a decent raw place. But supposing that is a careless shepherd who is looking after those sheep, and who will not pay enough attention to them in the morning to notice this one, it would, perhaps, be missing the next day, as when the sheep are like this they get away and lie down in a ditch or behind a tree somewhere out of sight, and there they lie and let themselves be eaten up, if they are not missed and run.

I often think if the shepherds of the human flock were half as much in earnest for the soul's welfare of their Heavenly Master's human sheep, what a change there would be through the world to-day! In fifteen years' shepherd I have only lost one sheep and one lamb from maggots, and those I lost in the only due of my experience; but if I were not careful in counting and examining my sheep, I should lose scores in a year.

But when I count them in a field and miss the one, two, or three, or what there may be missing, I set off at once to find them. I don't let them remain until after breakfast. I may have fresh orders from my master, and those I am missing may be by forgotten and left till the next day in this state, and by that time they would be so badly eaten that if they were not dead already they would have to be killed.

The devil is the maggots-fly, and he knows where the place is that stinks in the sight of God. As soon as a person is converted to God, the devil works to get him to forget about where there is a little bit of the old wool that he may lay his eggs in. If, however, the human sheep will allow themselves to be shorn down close to the skin, there will be no place left for the devil, and he will have to stand off at a distance and grind his teeth, because he is complete-

ly beaten. But with regard to the shearing of the human flock, there are so many that want to be partly shorn. They are willing to be shorn where it cannot be noticed by the world; but that is where they make the mistake. They want left on just what should be cut off, and that is just where the devil claims the victory, because they allow themselves to be beaten by him. We men are willing to be shorn all over, and close to the skin, before we can enjoy perfect peace in our souls. But there are a great many who are afraid of being laughed at by the rugged, maggots sheep of the devil's fold. But when I was shorn close two years ago, the dear Lord did not leave me naked. He clothed me with a robe of righteousness, and enabled me to stand on the platform and tell all my companions what for Christ's sake He had done for my soul. And, more than that, not only on the platform, but on the farm where I work, though not without plenty of persecution, not only from my workmates, but from my masters and a lot of other gentlemen there who were learning farming; and who would follow me up and try to tempt me out of the fields, or even when I was in the fields, having my dinner, on purpose to set the men on, as well as themselves, to try and upset me. But it was of no use, because I was soundly saved, and though I am watched very closely, I am kept by the Holy Spirit of God, and, therefore, the devil has lost his power over me.

(To be continued.)

REFRESHING DRINKS.

Apple Drink.

Put a gallon of fresh water on to boil, cut up a pound of apples in the water, and boil them until they can be mashed; pass the liquor through a colander; boil it up again with half-a-pound of brown sugar, and bottle for use, taking care NOT to cork the bottle, and keep in a cool place; the apples may be eaten with sugar.

Apple Barley-Water.

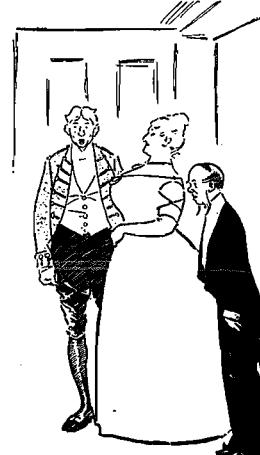
A quarter of a pound of pearl barley added to the above, and boiled for one hour, makes a nice drink for invalids.

Apple Rice-Water.

Half-a-pound of rice, boiled in the apple until it is perfectly passed through a colander and drink cold.

All kinds of fruit may be done in the same way. Figs and French plums are excellent; also raisins.

A little ginger, if approved, may be used.



At the Smith's Reception Party.

Enter "MRS." and Mr. Snodgrass. Servant has just been reading *The War Cry*, which the cook, an Army soldier, gave him. His mind so absorbed that he can think of nothing else. Announces to the astonishment of the assembled hosts and guests, that the arrival of "Mr. and Mrs. War Cry."

